THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Vol. 6 Summer · 1937 No. 3

The Twilight of Nationalism?	*Hans Kohn*
What Do You Read, My Lord?	*William Peery*
Catholics and Other People	*George N. Shuster*
Our Sons Specialize	*Gilbert E. Doan*
O'Neill—"New Risen Attic Stream"?	*Walter Prichard Eaton*
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COMING

WOMEN IN NAZI GERMANY	*Frieda Wunderlich*
CAN LIBERALISM SURVIVE LIBERALISM?	*Max Lerner*
THE MOVIES AS CREATIVE ART	*Mark Van Doren*
DISSENT IN DEMOCRACY	*C. Delisle Burns*
IMPRESSIONISM IN MODERN FICTION	*Herbert Muller*
THE YOUNG DOCTOR'S DILEMMA	*Hugh Cabot*
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING (A study of parasites)	*John P. Bradley, Jr.*

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Contents

The Twilight of Nationalism?	Hans Kohn	259
What Do You Read, My Lord?	William Peery	271
Catholics and Other People	George N. Shuster	282
Our Sons Specialize	Gilbert E. Doan	294
O'Neill—"New Risen Attic Stream"?	Walter Prichard Eaton	304
The Upstart of the Animal Kingdom	Earnest A. Hooton	313
Gordon Wordsworth	Esther Cloudman Dunn	330
Fight the Good Fight?	A. J. Muste	334
Sonnet	James Playsted Wood	344
The Scholar and the Specialist	James R. Angell	345
Music Takes a Screen Test	George Antheil	354
Dulce et Decus pro Dictatore	Max Ascoli	365

In the Realm of Scholarship

Newberry Library—"Court of Last Resort"	George B. Utley	372
Conference on Jewish Relations Prize		376

Discussion

Are Engineers Uneducated?	Arthur M. Greene, Jr.	377
About Our Authors	Compiled by Ruth E. Campbell	381

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The Twilight of Nationalism?

HANS KOHN

MANY observers have interpreted the present struggle in Spain as a conflict between two supranational ideas, as the beginning of a new era in which the alignment of wars will no longer be drawn along national lines. Is this a true analysis of the importance of the events in Spain? The Civil War which began in Spain in July, 1936 marks undoubtedly a turning point in the history of Spain. Whatever its immediate results it will be regarded later as the dawn of a new era for *Spain*. For the Civil War there is in no way a fight between communism and fascism. The two fascist dictators, Mussolini and Hitler, would like us to believe that contemporary history[1] can be interpreted as a conflict between the world-saving heroic force of fascism and the decaying forces of liberalism and communism which they regard as the heinous product of the decomposition of liberalism. Their propaganda aims at representing the forces behind the popular front government in Spain as communistic and the forces behind the military junta of General Franco as fascist. From the opposite side the communists tend toward a similar oversimplification. Thus the struggle in Spain appears as a stage in the supposedly world-wide fight between fascism and communism, a struggle between two "international," or better, "transnational" ideas

[1] It should be pointed out, however, that there seems to be no necessary international hostility between fascism and communism. Fascist Italy and communist Russia remained on very friendly terms down to 1935. And there is still some remote possibility of a rapprochement between Germany and Russia, certainly between Russia and Japan.

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which according to fascist interpretation today split all nations into two camps with civil war as the necessary outcome of this split. As fascism supposedly "saved" Italy and Germany from the menace of communism, so it "saves" Spain today and may "save" France, Czechoslovakia or the United States tomorrow. The fact that Italian and German troops and fascist sympathizers from Ireland, Roumania, and other countries form the backbone (outside of Mohammedan tribes from Morocco) of General Franco's army, and that some thousands of Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians and others of socialistic, communistic or democratic sympathies fight for the Spanish government, seems to lend some justification to the theory that in Spain an "international" or "transnational" war is fought. Some observers even believe that this "transnationalism" may involve the end of the era of nationalism and inaugurate a new epoch.

In reality the Civil War in Spain is a stage, and probably the decisive one, in the national development of Spain. The struggle for Spain's modernization started in 1808 under the influence of the French Revolution and in opposition to Napoleon's armies. During the entire nineteenth century the struggle went on but on the whole, notwithstanding the devotion of a handful of truly patriotic individuals, Old Spain was triumphant over Young Spain down to 1931. Spain remained outside Europe. "The main fact about the land is its inaccessibility. Spain is a castle." With these words Salvador de Madariaga opens his brilliant book on Spain. With all the riches of the American colonial empire, with an abundance of iron, copper, coal, and other minerals in the land, with a sober and hardworking common people, Spain remained a backward country, Oriental and medieval, ruled by a lazy and irresponsible feudal class, an inefficient military caste and an immensely wealthy, unenlightened and intolerant Church. "It would be difficult to find a country in which clericalism is more rigidly inimical to all reasonable compromise with the *zeitgeist* than contemporary

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Spain. The history of the nineteenth century in Spain would have been much quieter and much richer in results had the evolution of the Spanish people taken place in the absence of clericalism and militarism. As it is, the almost chronic civil war, the outward form of that evolution in the nineteenth century, . . . ends in a tacit but efficient treaty of cooperation between clericalism and militarism, so that the arms of the Restoration might well be described as a sword and a cross (considered as a weapon) surmounted by the royal crown." (Madariaga, *Spain*, p. 220.)

The "almost chronic civil war" changed but little the abject poverty of the Spanish masses, their lack of education (the latest census returns of 1930 show that only 47.22 per cent of the population could read and write, and probably a large part of these "literates" could read and write in a very limited sense of the word), the suppression of their personality and initiative, the seclusion of women. Young Spain under the leadership of the "generation of 1898" wished to "Europeanise" Spain, to reorganise production and education, to arouse the people from their lethargy, to create a new solidarity, a living consciousness of the Spanish people. Young Spain was deeply patriotic. Its opposition to Old Spain was not the opposition of internationalism against nationalism but of a different interpretation of nationalism, a modern, progressive and liberal one against a backward, clerical and feudal one. The present Spanish Ambassador to the United States, Fernando de los Rios, said in a speech on November 30, 1936 that "one of the main goals of the founders of the Spanish Republic was to develop in the masses, to their fullest extent, all the potential qualities inherent in the Spaniard. We wanted the masses to turn from mere masses into a conscious people. We wanted them to become conscious of themselves, of their lofty destiny, of their supreme historical mission." Against the liberal, progressive and European nationalism of Young Spain which triumphed in the Revolution of 1931 and again in the elections of February 1936, Old Spain—the militarists, the clericals, the land-

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lords—tried to assert in July 1936 their concept of nationalism.[2] The "almost chronic civil war" in Spain goes on, a national war, a struggle between two opposite interpretations of Spanish history and destiny, explainable only by the past and by the national character of the different peoples in the Iberian peninsula.

Whatever the immediate outcome of the present civil war may be (although most indications seem to point toward a victory of the progressive forces, notwithstanding or perhaps just on account of foreign intervention), it will have promoted the cause of modern nationalism in Spain. The Spaniards are known as strong individualists. The nature of the land with its mountains and vast arid stretches, the lack of communications and of modern education have fostered a spirit of strict regionalism. Federalism is a natural form for Spain where, however, the conservative government had tried an inefficient and oppressive centralism. Old Spain represents this centralism and therefore in the present civil war we find not only the Catalans but also the Basques siding with the Spanish government. Between those national minorities (with their pride in their own old history, culture and language on the basis of which they demand independence or at least a large autonomy) and the Spanish people no community of feeling and sympathy exists. But even the different regions of Spain inhabited by Spaniards have not yet been welded into a unity, have never been integrated into a nation in the modern sense of the word, into a conscious community of traditions, thought, emotions, hopes and interests which awakens in every citizen the feeling of active responsibility for the whole. The Spanish masses are still lethargic. Even in this civil war the outside observer will note with astonishment the small number of Spanish citizens fighting on either side, at the outset even on the side of the government, and the strange indifference shown by some provinces and regions to the fate of others. The longer the civil war lasts the

[2] At that time the Spanish government was composed exclusively of bourgeois liberals and included no socialists, communists or anarchists. The Civil War naturally drove the government toward the left in seeking the support of the masses against the forces of the reactionary generals.

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more it will stir the masses out of their lethargy, make them realize the interests at stake, integrate them into a whole, create a Spanish nation by adapting its national psychology to the conditions prevailing in the modern world. The struggle in Spain is not a struggle between communists and fascists. There are communists cooperating with the government of the popular front but they are a minority when compared with the anarcho-syndicalists, socialists, liberals, Basque and Catalan nationalists. There are Spanish fascists, the Falange Española, founded by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the son of the former military dictator of Spain, but they are a minority beside the Renovacion Española, the Accion Popular, and the Communion Tradicionalista which represents the direct descendants of the Carlist movement of the nineteenth century and regards, after the death of their "King" Don Jaime, a brother of the former empress Zita Don Xavier of Bourbon and Parma as the "Regent." Not the fate of fascism or communism is being decided in the Spanish Civil War, but the national future of Spain.

The fact that foreign fascists and communists fight at present in the Spanish Civil War does not change its character as an eminently national struggle. On the side of the government individual communists, socialists and liberals are fighting, expressing thereby their sympathy for the cause of democracy or of socialism—as happened again and again during the entire nineteenth century. In all the great fights for liberalism and national liberation, in Greece and in Paris, in Italy and in Poland, individual sympathizers fought as volunteers. Many of the ardent nationalists of the nineteenth century were to be found on all the battlefields of liberty. Most of the Germans, Italians or Frenchmen who serve today in the ranks of the government troops are not fighting an international or a transnational war; they are fighting in the tradition of Mazzini's Young Europe for a liberal or socialistic Germany, Italy or France. The interests of the progressive forces within all nations are identical today, as they were in the period of the fight of liberalism against the Holy Alliance.

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Nor is the official intervention by Mussolini and Hitler for Old Spain anything startling or new. When the two fascist dictators declare by their official spokesmen that they will never tolerate a communist régime in Spain[3] they repeat only what Metternich and his spokesmen said about the non-toleration of a liberal régime in Spain or in Italy. About 115 years ago the European reaction of throne and altar crushed Young Spain and Young Italy by military intervention in Spain and Naples. Since then Young Spain has grown in strength, has succeeded more and more in winning over the Spanish masses to an active participation in national life. It is doubtful whether European reaction will be as successful this time in checking progress as it was a century ago.

The Civil War will incorporate Spain into Europe, into the modern world. The historical process of the last one hundred years can be conveniently summed up as pan-nationalism. During this century nationalism became the dominating force, politically, culturally, and economically. The masses were everywhere integrated into the nation, schools trained them to participate in the cultural, economic reconstruction in the economic life. This process which started in Western Europe spread during recent decades to the countries around the Mediterranean, to Eastern Europe, Asia, and Latin America. It is nearing its conclusion in our own day. By its completion it creates a paradoxical situation. The peoples of the earth begin to build their political, cultural, and economic life on similar foundations of nationalism, of popular education, of economic reconstruction. Modern schools, industrialization, the emancipation of women have penetrated everywhere. Since the World War motor cars and airplanes have everywhere destroyed seclusion and isolation, have revolutionized age-old notions of space

[3] In reality Germany and Italy fight in Spain for their own nationalistic interests. Both are vitally interested in having in Spain a friendly government depending upon their help, Germany in case of a war against France, Italy in case of a war against Great Britain in the Mediterranean. "Ideology" is frequently used as a pretext for purely nationalistic desires for expansion.

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and time. Moving pictures and wireless have afforded the technical means for making cultural interdependence even stronger than economic interdependence. But at the same time every people awakened to nationalism has begun to stress and to overstress its selfhood, its political independence, its cultural particularities, its economic autarchy; patriotic emotions have become the most potent factor in arousing popular opinion. Pan-nationalism has led not only to a cultural and economic interdependence of all the peoples but at the same time to their more conscious and embittered antagonism. Pan-nationalism glorifies nationalism everywhere, but in completing its triumphal march around the earth it creates conditions which make the national framework incongruous with a new reality of interdependence. This absurd situation is at the bottom of our present political, economic and cultural crisis.

This is today no European problem. It seems obsolete to think today of an isolated Europe. Since the World War, communications, not only in the field of locomotion but also in the field of ideas, have entirely changed the picture. The regional framework will quickly become as obsolete as the national one. With all due regard to geographic and historical differences it can be safely stated that China is fighting today the same battle as Spain. Everywhere, and not only in Europe, nationalism is today the dominating force molding human destiny. In case of war practically every nation will again offer a united front to its adversaries. Transnational politics today offer no more hope of a supranational alignment, except for small groups, than they offered in the nineteenth century. The conflict with Great Britain and with the League of Nations over Ethiopia united the majority of the Italian people behind Mussolini more than anything else he did. In case of a war the large majority of the populations of Germany, Russia, France or Great Britain would rally in a united front behind their governments. Nationalism still rules supreme, not only in Europe. In many "backward" countries nationalism struggles today to gain its appropriate

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form of self expression in politics, economics and cultural life. This is the case in Spain as well as in China or Mexico. The alignments for battle, and not only in Europe, are still drawn along national lines.

Nationalism *still* rules supreme. Will it rule for long? It seems today at the climax of its historical development. It has penetrated all countries and all continents. It has aroused ever-growing numbers of formerly non-nationalistic or non-active masses into active nationalism. It seems to have established its dominion over all lands and over all seas. With the population of fascist countries, Italy and Germany, nationalism has become almost a frenzy and a fury. The nation has there become the supreme sovereign not only in politics and economics but in all matters spiritual and intellectual. Truth and justice, science and religion, have become completely subservient to the nation, sharp swords in the struggle to achieve aspirations of domination and power. Humanity seems lost and abandoned without hope to a world gone mad with nationalism.

But nationalism did not always determine the battle lines of mankind. Nationalities are very old and so is national feeling, pride in one's group, dislike of the foreigner. This national feeling does not, however, constitute nationalism. It is one of the many sentiments which, intermingled with many others and frequently obliterated by stronger ones, can be found throughout the short space of five thousand years of human history of which we have some adequate knowledge. But until very recently this sentiment was never exclusive, dominating, or supreme. Up to the eighteenth century it was confined to certain individuals and to certain brief periods, it did not drive men to war nor did it set up for men the normative rules for, and pretend to be the only source of, their cultural life, their political organization, their economic activity. Only in the last two centuries did nationalism become "totalitarian," commanding the supreme loyalty of men above all their other loyalties, proclaiming the "truth," formerly entirely unknown, of the nation as the only "natural" and "organic" basis for political

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organization, the source and inspiration of spiritual and intellectual life, the center of economic activity. The process of pannationalism is succeeding today in making the creed of nationalism the most universally accepted creed of mankind.

Nationalism entered upon its domination only a comparatively short time ago. To a thoughtful observer, however, its day seems fast nearing its end—despite its apparent triumph or perhaps on account of this triumph. The new state of economic and cultural interdependence, created with terrifying speed in the last twenty years, renders nationalism obsolete, demands a new political and economic world order. This development is much too young and much too rapid to be yet understood or accepted by public opinion. It seems in complete contradiction to the beliefs of the latter half of the nineteenth century which still prevail. It does not influence political life yet. It may in a not distant future.

Again and again in history we find that in a period of quickly changing reality, when the objective conditions for the survival of a political idea or a communal psychology disappear, this political idea receives increasing emphasis. It seems as though in a last effort of self-assertion the idea which had dominated preceding generations would almost overreach itself, would find its most extreme and sometimes even most sublime expression in a generation which still clings to the idea but lives under circumstances that undermine its very base. At the beginning of the fifth century when the splendor of Rome had been shattered by the onslaught of the barbarian hordes, when Alaric had besieged and sacked the Eternal City, when the universalism of Roman law and order was quickly dissolving, the poet Rutilius Claudius expressed once again, in a dithryambic poem, the glory that had been, that still was Rome's. "*Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat.*" The unique greatness of the past lived once more before the longing eyes of a generation which felt the earth trembling under its feet. Similarly we find in the thirteenth century, when the medieval order of Church and Empire was breaking up forever and new forces were rising in

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the territorial states, in the trading and manufacturing cities, in secular poetry and science, the theories of the universal dominion of Pope and of Emperor reasserted in a way far more intransigeant and triumphant than in the times of their real life and power. Then, in the late but violent afterglow of the imperial concept, Dante wrote his *De Monarchia*, the immortal swan-song of the dying universalism, and rapturously greeted Henri VII who crossed the Alps in the hope of realizing what must have remained, in the changed circumstances, an unreal idea. Again, religious fanaticism was rarely so strong as in the seventeenth century, when religious exaltation produced some of its finest flowerings, yet religious intolerance triumphed in religious wars and persecutions. To later generations this extreme intensity appears like a last effort to perpetuate an idea doomed by the march of history: communal psychology began to change at the end of the seventeenth century, the "*crise de la conscience europienne*," described and analyzed in a masterly way by Professor Paul Hazard, was under way, and in the eighteenth century religious wars seemed as obsolete as national wars may seem in the twenty-first.

Many contemporary observers maintain that we are entering a period of religious wars and fanaticism. This statement cannot imply more than a comparison. It means that we find today a fanaticism, an intolerance, a permanence of war clouds similar to those of the seventeenth century. Moreover, as the seventeenth century was one of violent afterglow from the era of religion (of political, dominant, "totalitarian" religion of course),[4] may not the twentieth century be marked by a violent afterglow from the era of political, dominant, "totalitarian" nationalism?

Today fascism appears, not (as most Marxists believe) as the

[4] As religion did not disappear with the era of religion but became non-political, less dominant, relative, so national sentiment will outlive the era of the absolute domination of nationalism. National sentiment may then become personal and a-political as religion has become. The element of coercion and power will disappear, and there will then be as few accusations of treason or lack of patriotism as there are today of heresy or apostasy.

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last stage of decaying capitalism but as the last and therefore most violent, most triumphant, most exaggerated stage of nationalism. At a time when all the aspects of a fast-changing reality around us point toward the insufficiency of nationalism and provincial-mindedness, nationalism once more wishes to reassert itself in an even more forceful, all-comprehensive and exclusive way. It wishes to perpetuate the battle lines of nationalism, to transform every nation into a vast permanent armed camp. It denies any new future, it looks consistently to the past, it preaches the unchangeability of races, of human nature, of history: it wishes without any compromise to immobilize us in the mold of the past. It puts the *volksgeist* above the *zeitgeist*, it denies the new *zeitgeist* and preaches an eternity of the *volksgeist*.

In this discrepancy between a changing reality, a new *zeitgeist*, and the violent reassertion of the continuing order of the past we may find the deepest roots of our present world-wide crisis. We see today a nationalism still rooted in the past but ready to compromise with the new *zeitgeist*—a liberal, forward-looking nationalism. It is represented by that France which dates back to the French Revolution, by the Anglo-Saxon countries, especially the United States where the remnants of the feudal age have not persisted as in Great Britain, and in Young Spain where it finds vigorous expression. Both communism and this liberal nationalism look forward to a growing diminution of nationalism—to a peaceful international order. In such countries the consciousness of a new order is growing, an order no longer based upon nations and their independence but upon the political, economic and cultural interdependence of all peoples, upon a new reassertion of Man, beyond all national boundaries of the past, in an equalitarian and cooperative society of the future.

In this dawn of a new epoch fascism, with its emphasis upon nationalism and upon the past, looms as the greatest danger, for it hinders the necessary organization of a world-society. In the transitional period in which we live (as mankind lived in

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transitional periods in the fifth, thirteenth and seventeenth centuries) the Civil War in Spain is more than a struggle between two interpretations of Spanish nationalism and Spanish destiny. It is a struggle between a nationalism which regards itself as part of a forward movement toward diminished nationalism and a nationalism which considers itself and its foundation upon the past as eternal. Liberalism and socialism know that nationalism is a product of an historical development which had its origin in the intellectual, social, and economic conditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and may, with changing conditions, disappear. Fascism believes nationalism eternal, history a struggle of races or nations, the inequality of races and men permanent and beneficial, and an international peaceful order a heinous dream. For this reason liberals, socialists, fascists all over the world are interested in the outcome of the Civil War in Spain. Its main importance is for Spain: there it will have decisive importance. Its importance for humanity is, of course, less. There it is only one, and probably not the decisive, stage in the effort to adapt our intellectual and social order to the changing circumstances of a new era. Amidst an immense fireworks of dazzling afterglow the sun of one day of history is setting, but below the horizon the sun of another day is preparing to rise and sends forth its first beams, piercing the darkness which threatens to envelop us.

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What Do You Read, My Lord?

WILLIAM PEERY

TIME, we are told, is the best literary critic. He who in the year 2000 discusses the novel of 1936 will have an easier job than mine. But we can ill afford to wait three score years before considering so significant a factor in contemporary thought as the year's fiction. Most of us will be long dead by then, the books forgotten, for time, as Swinburne said,

> takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
> To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death . . .

Even ten years hence the critic will have small cause to mention most of the books which are now our basic diet.

Admitting, then, that the time is not ripe for final judgments let us look at fiction during 1936. Any year in which such formidable writers as Charles Morgan, Aldous Huxley, DuBose Heyward and John Dos Passos choose to break long silences is likely to be memorable. When to their offerings was added the first novel of a distinguished philosopher, poet and master of English prose one can hardly deny that 1936 was an exceptional literary year. Three novels had unusually wide sale. In a well-known best-seller chart Mr. Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* stood first for nine weeks. Mr. George Santayana's *The Last Puritan* topped the list for thirteen weeks. Mrs. Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*, which remained in the lead for months, ran into a third of a million copies before it was two months old. The year 1936 must have been a good year for booksellers.

But what was it for the novel reader? What did he receive for his $2.50, his $3.00? He was offered solutions to many problems confronting him both as an individual and as a member of society. He was given the results of a lifetime of philo-

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sophic observation. He was incited to revolution. And again he was highly entertained by the dramas of human history. But the book buyer paid for a novel and sometimes he was not sure that he got one. The issue could be settled if for literary wares there were tables of specifications such as are available to purchasers of refrigerators and automobiles. What constitutes a novel, however, is a question shrouded with mystery and our minds return to the plight of two characters in 19th century literature:

> "If this were only cleared away,"
> They said, "it would be grand!"

Most of us have heard numerous definitions of the novel but a wholly satisfactory one has never been presented. Wishing to read next year's fiction I willingly suppress my own. The field lies cluttered with the mangled corpses of critics slain by their own esthetics or by those of other critics. I take my stand behind a very fine poet

> Too full already is the grave
> Of fellows who were good and brave
> And died because they were . . .

and ask the reader to consider, without definition, the year's novels. They occasioned a crisis for critics.

Among the "intellectual" novels Mr. Santayana's *The Last Puritan* was probably preeminent. One does not question the right of a philosopher to secure for his reflections the wider audience which fiction attracts. It was to be expected that this author's first novel would stimulate much discussion and be greatly admired. Yet reviewers saw before them a work in many respects as crudely done as those first novels which never find publishers. All the people in *The Last Puritan* talk like Mr. Santayana—and Mr. Santayana not at ease but on the lecture platform or over his desk polishing a graceful essay. Mr. Santayana was careless with background; he was not mindful of the less obviously relevant activities of his people. And be-

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cause he paid insufficient attention to the technique of the novel his characters never leap full-bodied from the page. Even Oliver Alden who carries the burden of the book lacks the flesh, blood and bone possessed by every major protagonist of fiction. Foreseeing this indictment Mr. Santayana called his book "A Memoir in the *Form* of a Novel" and in a Prologue confessed his inability to handle the thousand burdensome details of the novelist's craft. Why, then, did the reviewers apologize for the book's weaknesses?

For apologize they did. After commenting on the flaws mentioned they took up the cudgels for the author in a most unprecedented fashion. "Mr. Santayana," one critic answered the charges, "can do what he pleases with his characters, and fortunately he has done so much with Oliver that the end of this story is only proof that *The Last Puritan* must not be judged by the text-book canons of novel writing, but as a book."[1] Another tried to cover the defects with a cloud of mysticism: "But 'Fiction is poetry, poetry is inspiration, and inspiration comes from the poet's heart,' and this is a poet's novel and a philosopher's tale."[2]

When I read such extenuations—there were many of them —and remember that nearly all reviewers implied that a more competent novelist would have made the reader experience Oliver's story more deeply I wonder why critics confused the merit of the author with that of his fiction. In their praise of Mr. Santayana's matter they need not have condoned his manner. I hope the reader will not feel I am splitting critical hairs. Reviewers this year were again forced to take sides on the old question of form versus content. I urge no veneration of form itself; but form, I submit, is the means by which content is conveyed. Mr. Santayana, like all other novelists, chose to express certain concepts through character, incident and the other devices of fiction. It is the function of criticism, surely, to examine how well he succeeded in his purpose. And any critic

[1] Henry S. Canby, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, February 1, 1936.
[2] Irwin Edman, *The New York Times Book Review*, February 2, 1936.

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who fails to hold an author strictly accountable does little good either to criticism or to fiction.

Reviewers were again thrust between Scylla and Charybdis by Mr. Huxley's *Eyeless in Gaza.* Anthony Beavis, like his creator, is an individualist whose values are threatened by modern collectivism. The account of his efforts at adjustment is significant reading. But having recorded it in a novel, what Mr. Huxley wrote ought to be judged as a novel. Mr. Huxley has never been one to show facility or even competence in the use of some of the novelist's tools and in *Eyeless in Gaza* he made little effort to master them. One finishes reading the work, therefore, without a sense of having met or observed real people. Now I doubt that a novelist can effectively develop his thesis without depicting convincing characters whose lives are its fictional embodiment. When too many of his people are shadowy or poorly motivated (think of the consequences of Anthony's betrayal kiss!), when the enactment of their lives is interrupted by too many essays (even those as fine as Mr. Huxley's), when the author employs confusing technical devices ("counterpoint" time in this work), when the thesis is affixed to the story instead of illustrated by it, then, I say, the illusion of reality is likely to vanish, the philosophical load to jam. But reviewers were ready to forgive him. "In a man of his gifts," to quote but one, ". . . this difficulty with the form of the novel, with the art of telling a story, may largely be overlooked."[3] Yet the novelist without sufficient mastery of his craft to preserve the illusion—no matter what his ability as philosopher, poet, essayist, or scientist—can convey his message but ineffectually if at all.

That the most philosophic minds do not always write the best novels was but one cause of critical embarrassment. The critic was equally troubled by the fact that one master of technique is in fiction an unsatisfactory philosopher. Mr. Morgan's

[3] Donald Adams, *The New York Times Book Review,* July 19, 1936.

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Sparkenbroke is undoubtedly one of the most successfully constructed and written novels of the year. The author is never guilty of the artistic crimes which Mr. Huxley and Mr. Santayana commit without shame. The question for critics, therefore, was that of Mr. Morgan's matter.

Sparkenbroke attempts to probe the depths of three major themes: art, love and death. But what, beneath the glitter of his fine phrases, did the author say of death or love or art? He presented Sparkenbroke's conception of death when he took the poet and Mary at night to a window in which, against the darkness outside, lamps and candles are reflected. "They," said Sparkenbroke, "are this world. While they are shining in our eyes we can see nothing beyond them. Put them out, and suddenly the night and its constellations rush in; all its distances are within reach." Another literary wooer of death was the poet Shelley; to him also life was a prism staining the white radiance of eternity until death tramples it to fragments. Shelley's concept, I suspect, made little sense to those who mourned John Keats. Mr. Morgan gave us Shelley without benefit of the bold figure. Of the creative process Mr. Morgan advanced an equally nebulous view. Believing that the artist is "not an origin but a contact," Sparkenbroke could create only when he experienced the "rarest of all sensations in the modern world —that imagination and wisdom are identical and that everything observed or felt carries its saving antithesis within it . . . within the new the old, within sin the forgiveness of sin—an antidote for every poison, a perfection for every imperfection." One defender of the book suggested that a "reader who comes to it locked in his own preconceptions could read it as twaddle."[4] May one not be singularly free from preconceptions and yet find this, as intellectual fare, not only twaddle but also balderdash and poppycock?

Just as they felt constrained to apologize for Mr. Santayana's bad technique, so did reviewers excuse Mr. Morgan's content.

[4] Mary Ross, *Books*, April 19, 1936.

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Sparkenbroke, we were told, "carries thought and feeling into reaches of sensibility which disturb many men and women as keenly perceptive and honest—and as divided against themselves—as was Sparkenbroke."[5] "*Sparkenbroke*," it was said, "soars far above the level of our humdrum lives. At a time when civilization has lost so many of the props on which it formerly relied, has revised so many of its estimated mores, Mr. Morgan brings, if not a final reading of life, at least a fresh reading."[6] Fresh—some Byron, a little Shelley, and all the heritage of neurotic romanticism.

Fortunately not everyone was taken in by Mr. Morgan's rhetoric. "On the whole," said one writer, "the novel leaves the impression of an iridescent surface overlying a soft core."[7] *Sparkenbroke*, indeed, occasioned some of the year's notable critical panning. By burlesquing its plot Mr. Christopher Morley drowned the novel in a flood of ridicule which readers considered as unfair as it was amusing.[8] There was more urbanity in Mr. John W. Thomason Jr.'s comment: "People who remember *The Fountain* kindly will again be delighted."[9]

All such writing as Mr. Morgan's the proletarian critic calls "trivial." He measures books chiefly by their efficiency as catalysts in the class struggle. Relatively few reviewers are active members of the Communist Party but some of the Leftist's assumptions have become very popular these days. A character who does not take part in a revolution or at least pledge allegiance to the right, by which is understood the Left, side is at a tremendous disadvantage.

Mr. Francis Hackett's *The Green Lion* closes with the departure of Jerry Coyne, its hero, from Ireland. "It is perhaps strange," said one reviewer, "that the thought of staying be-

[5] *Ibid.*
[6] Percy Hutchison, *The New York Times Book Review*, April 19, 1936.
[7] R. M. Gay, *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1936.
[8] "For Ladies Only," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, April 18, 1936.
[9] *The American Mercury*, August, 1936.

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hind and seeing the coming struggle through never seems to have entered his mind."[10] That, of course, is what an admirable character would have done, even though Mr. Hackett plans to open the second volume of the trilogy with Jerry in America. "*The Green Lion*," the writer confessed wistfully, "could have been a grand book."

One of the better biographical novels of 1936 was Mr. Elliott Merrick's *Ever the Winds Blow*. It views adolescence of the twenties from a greater distance than *This Side of Paradise* and, I think, with greater accuracy. Henry Frain, its hero, leaves society for a more satisfactory life on a Vermont farm. "In the leading character's experience," one reviewer complained, "in his revolt to modern life, it must be said that the author holds up little which can help his generation solve its problems"—with the unmistakable implication that Mr. Merrick should be ashamed of himself. "Obviously," he continued, "everyone cannot hie off to enchanted acres, and what of those left in the pie factory? Mr. Merrick never says."[11]

This criticism assumes that every book is written to regenerate society, that there will never be another book to save it if one leaves the job unfinished. The review quoted might have been written by Mr. Granville Hicks, able Marxist spokesman. For the orthodox Marxists have decided what novels should be made of and have outlawed escapism—indeed have outlawed nearly all of literature's infinite variety. But what has it to do with the merit of *Ever the Winds Blow*? Given the life and character of Henry Frain, the retreat to the farm is artistically correct. A solution is by no means inappropriate to Henry because Mr. Hicks will have none of it. And many loyal members of the Party would regret to see the novel confined to the strike pattern, even when as well handled as by Mr. John Steinbeck in his *In Dubious Battle*, one of the best proletarian novels of the year. Mr. Hicks rejects, also, "a defeatist literature, not

[10] Muriel Sperry, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, April 11, 1936.
[11] Stanley Young, *The New York Times Book Review*, June 28.

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merely because of the attitude it encourages, but also because, from our point of view, it distorts life."[12] The reader may judge whether or not the Marxist view would distort literature.

The proletarian critic doubtless found Mr. Dos Passos' recent book quite a problem. Continuing the author's trilogy based on the conception that life is collective, that the fate of individuals is fixed not by themselves but by the society in which they live, *The Big Money* depicts the change from competitive to monopoly capitalism. So far very good; but in the book Mr. Dos Passos also included biting portraits of two Party members drawn as sap-heads and coined the phrase "the rot of democracy." And over the eternal hell which he considers contemporary America to be he copied Dante's defeatist inscription. Mr. Hicks, I believe, has not voiced his reaction.

In their concern with Mr. Dos Passos' ideas some reviewers, of whatever politics, lost sight of a basic issue. In giving up an individual for a group hero the author has severed the right arm of fiction—the presentation of whole-bodied characters. Mr. Dos Passos' robots neither think, feel, or enjoy; they have no existence as men and women. Cut off from them by their automatism the reader finds himself unable to share their lives or to mourn their deaths. *The Big Money* proves two things. The collective protagonist may be employed in fiction but only at a higher price than the novel can afford to pay. And Mr. Dos Passos' elaborate technical innovations so intrude upon the events dramatized that the reader remains detached. He is never lifted across the footlights into the play.

Readers of *The New Masses* do not need to be converted to the revolution. If it is to come in this country it will come when the proletariat has won sufficient converts from the lower middle class, whose interests might seem to favor that alliance as strongly as their sympathies favor its opposite. The most valuable function of proletarian literature (if we must be utilitarian) would be to win over these border-liners. In such a

[12] "Literature and Revolution," *English Journal*, March, 1935.

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campaign only fiction having a high "carry-over value"[13]—the ability of a book, constructed to strengthen one thesis, to appeal to adherents of another thesis—could be effective.

At least one such novel appeared in 1936. Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Summer Will Show* is the story of Sophia Willoughby's metamorphosis from a docile matron to a fervent revolutionary of 1848. No one shut this book and rushed headlong to shoot any capitalists; but Miss Warner helped the proletarian critic out of his dilemma and pointed the way for the Leftist novel. Dictating what a writer shall write, the proletarian critic has been embarrassed by the fact that most of those who obeyed him have written very badly. The high carry-over value of *Summer Will Show* was due, I think, to Miss Warner's skilled craftsmanship. Not the matter alone but the manner of proletarian writing is unacceptable to many novel readers. Attaining a better balance between form and content, *Summer Will Show* is a step toward a more influential proletarian novel.

The spectacle of human history is photographed these days from a knot-hole in the stadium fence rather than from the press box. Mr. Vincent Sheean filled the foreground of his *Sanfelice* with plain men and women in whom the reader believes readily; Luisa Sanfelice is a most convincing character. Seen through her story, the background (Naples of 1798) becomes alive and consequential. Tremendous historical upheavals appear not as a panorama, which we might view with detachment, but as a drama in which our concern for Luisa and others gave us a part.

Manuel Komroff in his *Waterloo* followed a similar plan though with less fortunate results. With Napoleon's story he interwove incidents and subplots which, however interesting themselves, lessen the impact of his major theme. Mr. Komroff it would seem was more deeply interested in the meeting of an English and a French schoolboy on the field, in their sailing of a toy boat on the blood-tinted stream, than in the

[13] A term used by James T. Farrell in his *A Note on Literary Criticism.*

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battle waged around them. The effect has been happily likened to "seeing a five-act play from the wrong end of a telescope."[14]

A more satisfactory perspective is sustained throughout Walter D. Edmonds' *Drums Along the Mohawk* which better illustrates the prevailing trend in the historical novel. Gone are the conventional trappings of historical romance. Spectacle is no longer used for its decorative value. "I am trying," Mr. Edmonds wrote, ". . . to give the story, from their point of view, of plain ordinary people."[15] His major concern was not with historical personages the reader might expect to find in those pages but with Gilbert and Lana Martin and other folk like them who make up the mass of humanity in every period. These are persons not treated in history books; and by portraying them the contemporary writer of historical novels renders a more truthful account of an era than the textbooks or the costumed melodramas which once passed as historical fiction.

The same point of view contributes to the excellence of the most substantial literary achievement of the year, Mrs. Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*. The choice of Atlanta as a focal point for a story of the Civil War was comparable to that of the Mohawk Valley for the Revolutionary War. Seen through its effect on four superbly conceived and superbly rendered characters—Scarlett O'Hara, Rhett Butler, Ashley Wilkes, and Melanie Wilkes—the march of their time is more revealing and more devastating than any other fictional treatment of that war and its aftermath. It is not at all like Mr. Stark Young's *So Red the Rose*, "a memorial wreath laid before a cherished tradition and a way of life."[16] Mrs. Mitchell was free from partisanship; she said, rather, the South fell because it possessed a tragic flaw—that because of his sensibility the Southerner of that day vacillated, as does her Ashley, for whom she has less sympathy than for Scarlett and Rhett who never

[14] Edward Weeks, *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1936.
[15] "How You Begin a Novel," *Ibid.*
[16] Donald Adams, *The New York Times Book Review*, July 5, 1936.

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vacillate for any reason. *Gone with the Wind* is remarkably objective for a first novel; I am sure it is no preachment. But its success with both critics and public justifies our seeking any answers it may suggest to some of the questions which in 1936 perplexed criticism.

Those attempting to dictate the proper subject matter for fiction are confronted in *Gone with the Wind* by a novel achieving distinction and importance without following their dictates. It is not a psychoanalysis of complexes, inhibitions or sexual vagaries. It is not a framework for philosophic discussion. It offers no solution to the "modern dilemma" or to any other social or individual problem. Though dealing with a civil war it is not class conscious; its revolutionary potential is close to zero. And its outstanding success, I believe, is proof that the novelist proficient in his craft may even yet gain recognition by relating a plain unvarnished tale—the chief function of novelists from the beginning. Story, in short, has been vindicated: breathless story, which made *The Hurricane* one of the year's best sellers and a fine book; story with gusto, which was one of the chief merits of the Pulitzer prize novel, Mr. Davis' *Honey in the Horn;* story as a revelation of character, as in Mrs. Van Etten's *Atlantic Monthly* prize novel, *I Am the Fox.*

Second, *Gone with the Wind* shows pretty clearly that the technical innovations of recent fiction are of relatively small importance. After the streams of muddled consciousness; after the Camera Eyes, the News Reels, and the Brief Biographies; after Mr. Huxley's experiments with time and Mr. Thomas Wolfe's with redundant adjectives; after all this the reading public has turned with appreciation to a straightforward narrative which produces its effect by those means which have been the chief tools of fiction from its inception: characters moving against a vividly drawn background; events working in significant progression toward the revelation of those characters; thesis, if any, embodied in those events and characters.

This is still not a definition of the art, but I think readers of Mrs. Mitchell's novel will know what fiction is.

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Catholics and Other People

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DURING several years past the following scene has been enacted in a great number of American communities. A Protestant clergyman, a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi appear together before an audience which—due allowance having been made for the merely curious—consists of people who feel (a) that religious prejudice is a calamitous and outmoded disease, and (b) that the ethical imperatives respected by all monotheists are of such value to society they ought to be fully utilized. On matters of doctrine, the speakers insist, the various faiths are as separate as the fingers of a hand, but on fundamental tenets of the *lex aeterna* they are "as united as a clenched fist."

Are such programs testimonials to the existence of any genuine reality or are they merely echoes of a pious wish that would be father to a purpose? I can imagine many a citizen thinking as he weighs the question that although educated Protestant dislike of bigotry is sincere the Catholic Church remains uneasy over any display which assumes that it can meet dissident or disaffected groups on a plane of theoretical equality. No one can speak "for" even the 20,000,000 Catholics of the United States but it is quite possible to write scientifically "about" Catholic views on cooperation because these are determinable things.

The trend towards religious unity which has to some extent characterized the recent past grows out of two quite different conceptions. The first is based upon the feeling that the chaotic disarray which confronts the observer of organized Christianity

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is the result of historical conditions which matter to present-day human beings only in so far as they have produced several distinct types of worship. We are powerless to change either the conditions or their fruits. Our proper task is therefore to inculcate mutual respect and a measure of interest in common effort, and our hope must be that after some generations the desire to make concessions will be stronger on all sides. The second conception is derived from fear lest a rising tide of secularism uproot all religious authority and abrogate all freedom of conscience, and its exponents struggle to form a united spiritual "front" against the enemy. This anxiety is the outgrowth of a somewhat panicky fondness for liberalism. It is normally less concerned with what religion might accomplish than with what the state may do if unchecked.

That the Catholic Church considers itself the sole true form of the Christian communion is at once obvious and difficult to understand. The phrase "outside the Church there is no salvation" must not be taken to mean that for a Roman theologian every "heretic" or "unbeliever" is doomed to bathe in brimstone. It merely formulates from orthodox premises the relatively common-sense conclusion that the sacramental system is the Divinely ordained means through which human salvation is to be effected. Since this system is held to be non-existent outside the Catholic Church it follows that no one can profit by it unless he be inside that Church. Taken in this sense the *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* doctrine may sound bad but is quite logical. But—salvation can be effected otherwise, either through sacramental institutions borrowed and conserved outside (e.g. Protestant baptism) or through Divine Providence. Since it is the soundest of teaching to assert that the bounty of this Providence is endless, it follows that every human being of good will shall find peace.

No doubt much of what has just been said appears to be woefully formalistic. One may just as well admit that anyone unwilling to think in terms of the most rigid theological logic will make a poor student of the Catholic position. That is why

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gentlemen like Harry Elmer Barnes, whose minds operate on gusts of turbulent intellectual emotion, seem so dreadfully naive when they speak of Rome or Medievalism. I shall therefore illustrate the point of view stressed above. If we suppose that a priest is not baptized and, quite unaware of the fact, takes orders and ministers to others he will be (a) as definitely outside the Church as any heathen Patagonian and (b) incapable of administering the sacraments to those who rely on him. It is therefore hypothetically possible that a Catholic community might in good faith be really "without a priest" during the whole of a man's mature lifetime. And here again, of course, the Providence of God would be relied upon to correct or supply what had been left undone through human error.

If this fundamental Catholic position could somehow be conceded by those not in the Church, purely religious cooperation with the Catholic organization would naturally be a good deal easier. That is, however, quite impossible. The point has been seen and described so clearly by Professor Karl Barth, the great Swiss Protestant theologian, that one need only refer to him. It will not help to act as if the difficulty did not exist and those who do so are wasting their time. Catholic authority would rather disappear from the public scene and face real persecution than ignore this issue because its vision of the Christian life has its origin here. By comparison dozens of things currently deemed important are of no practical significance whatever.

Well, you will say, can anything be done? A good deal, fortunately. In so far as religious discussion is concerned let me quote the opinion of a very able American canonist, the Reverend Joseph P. Donovan, C.M., of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis. He writes:

> There is only one prescription in the Code dealing with religious cooperation and that deals with it only indirectly. Canon 1325 declares that Catholics are to take care not to enter into debates or conferences, especially of a public kind, without the previous permission of the Holy

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See, or in case of emergency without the permission of the ordinary. I conceive this to mean procedures such as the Purcell-Campbell and the Hughes-Black debates were, and also such undertakings as the Congress of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 and the more recent conversations at Malines between Cardinal Mercier and representatives of the Anglican Church were. I think an incidental debate would not come under the prohibition. Much less, as authors point out, would apologetic talks, even if difficulties and objections were aired. But all organized efforts to present the evidence for the Catholic faith certainly require the approval of the local bishop.[1]

The essential fact in this ruling is not prohibition but prudence. It is imperative, as the good Baron Von Hügel used to say so frequently, not to minimize or soft-pedal the tenets of the Catholic faith lest it seem too easy and attractive a belief. Quite as necessary is the curbing of the zealot whose idea of orthodoxy is rabid overstatement. Against these perils ecclesiastical authority is often alert to the verge of timidity, but it seems to me that such caution is preferable to loosing the floodgates of aimless chatter. Bishops are human beings dwelling in an inconstant world and their conceptions of prudence naturally vary a good deal. There are two countries in which the problems of inter-faith fellowship are particularly vital and to them one may turn hopefully for enlightenment. In the United States there has been emphasis on the practical aspects of the truth that a working agreement with other Christian groups is desirable. Catholic leaders in a large number of dioceses have sought to work with Protestants in prayer for coveted blessings, in fostering religious education and in meeting the challenge of youth, though the absence of an underlying program or theory has greatly hampered progress. Until we have a generally acceptable philosophy according to which the protagonists of cooperation can steer their course mutual aid is bound to remain haphazard. By comparison Germany has been a country in which the theory of cooperation has made rapid progress while the art of applying that theory to everyday life is still in its infancy. Before the Hitler upheaval a brilliant

[1] In a letter to the author.

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review (*Una Sancta*) published endless impressive papers on the subject and in the Catholic camp younger Jesuits in particular were very active. Some of these men openly regretted that it had proved impossible for the Church to take part in the Stockholm Oecumenical Congress and they made earnest efforts to appreciate the drift of Lutheran theology. More recently Paul Fechter phrased a Protestant appeal for greater solidarity between the Churches, and Catholic contributions to the discussion which followed are worth a good deal of study. Professor Alois Dempf, Father Max Pribilla, Dr. Ernst Michel all expressed the deepest respect for Protestantism and commented on methods of liaison.[2]

It seems to me that if some first-rate student of the problem were to conjoin German theory with American experience he might advance the whole cause a goodly step further. Unfortunately little equally favorable news can be reported from other countries. The Latin nations for the most part find Protestantism incomprehensible and conversely most Protestants find Latin religiousness incomprehensible. We should have been far less unprepared for the civil war in Spain if the average author of five or ten years ago could have grasped the nature of anticlerical revolt in that country. There, at least until recently, the man who sacked convents and jailed priests during his heyday usually sent for the vicar on his death bed and made sure of the beyond. How can such actions be explained? The best one can do is to say that the Latin regards both the priestly function and the supernatural as quite objective realities. Accordingly both have a practical value, and conflict arises when this value is confused with others. Whatever may happen in Spain I am sure it will never be a Protestant country and that its people will, barring a few exceptions, never be dissuaded from associating the Catholic faith with birth and death at least.

[2] For the benefit of those who may be interested the following indications are given: for Professor Fechter's article see *Deutsche Rundschau*, February 1936; for Professor Dempf's see *Hochland*, March 1936; and for Professor Michel's see *Hochland*, April 1936. Various discussions of the theme by Father Max Pribilla, S.J., may be read in the files of *Stimmen der Zeit*.

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On the other hand the average Latin or indeed the average Hispanic ecclesiastic has a very hard time making head or tail of a Protestant. It has been difficult to persuade some of them to concede liberty of conscience to "heretics" because of their disinclination to believe that heretics have consciences! If the priest's real reason for being is his control over certain spiritual functions held to be of vital importance it follows that the most dangerous enemy is the man who denies the validity of those functions while proclaiming himself at the same time a possessor of the Christian religion. To all this Great Britain would seem an antithesis but there the situation is so beclouded with racial, social and historical resentment that the possibilities of cooperation are realized by few.

Under such circumstances hopes for a world-wide reunion of Christendom (or for the adoption of an ethical program embodying principles by which all set store) appear to be rather futile. Yet it is impossible to deny that many Protestants are sincerely in favor of both things or to doubt that the reigning Pope and his immediate predecessor have been very much more "liberal" in their attitude towards cooperation than were the Sovereign Pontiffs of the 19th century. Recent Encyclicals have gone far beyond recognizing the existence of "our separated brethren."[3] In dealing with the Oriental Churches, which are looked upon as schismatic, Rome has come a long way. German resistance to the threat of Nazi paganism has found Catholics and Protestants ready in a measure to share the perils of defense. When the full fury of the attack upon the dissident Lutheran pastors was unleashed Bishop Nicholas Bares of Berlin petitioned the faithful to remember these men in their prayers. The diocesan authorities of Munich and Cologne likewise expressed their admiration of the Protestant leaders. Cardinal Faulhaber declared that there was no longer any conflict between Catholics and Protestants, both standing united against a common enemy of religion. Nor was the believing Jew

[3] See for example the Encyclical on Motion Pictures (1936).

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spurned. Outside and inside the Third Reich religious periodicals have explored the ground shared in common by orthodox Catholic and Protestant foes of an anti-Christian political and social order. The work of *Der Deutsche* in Polen is an example.

There is no prohibitive ruling whatsoever against Catholic participation in cultural and civic effort. A priest is wholly at liberty to associate with Congregational clergymen and Unitarian professors in any enterprise he adjudges likely to benefit the community of that hazy entity the human mind. Henry Fairfield Osborne has left a record of his fruitful comradeship with priest scientists and the Vatican itself has issued works by noted Protestant scholars. John Milton was on friendly terms with Vatican librarians and the records of the once famous Metaphysical Society, to which both Cardinal Manning and John Huxley belonged, would suffice to indicate that even philosophy can be an excuse for amiable intercourse.

But there are real difficulties. In the United States, where religious differences have meant so much, a strange though doubtless natural uneasiness is often manifested when the Catholic participant in a discussion shows up. He may find himself credited with the oddest persuasions and desires. If the Catholic is a priest he is likely to find that offering prayer is on the list of events. This is intended to be a courtesy towards him but it immediately raises the question of common worship—the activity for which he must have authorization. If he be a layman he often finds himself being maneuvered into a "representative capacity" which is bound to render him very uncomfortable since he cannot "represent" anybody except himself. Why cannot civic and intellectual cooperation proceed without these deplorable if well-meant addenda?

Naturally there are some kinds of effort repugnant to the Catholic ethos. I shall say nothing about such expedients as social welfare through contraception for the reason that a separate essay would be required. If a priest, however, were to acquire such a job as that which during the last national campaign descended upon Dr. Stanley High he would get himself

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soundly and raucously laughed at. The thought of solemnly delivering the "church vote" to Mr. Roosevelt or any other presidential candidate is one which is either ironed out by Catholic seminary training or would find the going tough if it emerged later on. The idea of standing at Armageddon and battling for the Lord on the second Tuesday in November has for most clergymen of my creed in the United States a comical implication. Nobody will ever get all Catholics into one political party, not even the Democratic. The effort to direct political affiliations is not considered evil in itself but there is no mandatory obligation to conform.

Similar in character is the so-called "Common Front." This term was evoked by the triumphs of Fascism and implies that since Catholics suffer from dictatorial governments they must strongly welcome an invitation to pool their resources with other similarly victimized groups. To some Catholics the vision of cordial relations with a more or less faddish Left is to be sure attractive, and there are also Catholics who subscribe to the Socialist creed in everything but name. Nevertheless a Christian religion cannot foster intimate partnership with a movement avowedly non-religious and historically, at least, anti-religious. This truth may well be disadvantageous to Catholics from the temporal point of view. It almost automatically creates a drift toward social theories hostile to Marxism and therewith an alignment in *practice* which is not consonant with *theory*. For there can be no doubt that the traditional ethical urge of the Church has far more in common with the Labor Party, for example, than with Fascism, even of the Italian variety.

These difficulties are considerable but they are less weighty than the problem of disparate Catholic points of view. Just when the outsider (who normally supposes that all members of the Roman communion are drilled into absolute conformity) thinks he has at last hitched the wagon of the Church to his star the spokes fly out of the wheels, the chassis tumbles in a heap and he is left to survey as well as he can the bedraggled team. What has he failed to take into account?

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Simply the fact that the absolutism of the Church extends only to the religious life proper or to the moral code which renders that life possible and is even here far more dependent upon quasi-parliamentary discussion than is generally imagined. On all humanistic topics a greater relativism is encouraged by the Catholic system than by any other. The sons of the Church are profoundly skeptical about philosophical, historical and scientific dicta. They have produced arguments for every conceivable kind of esthetic. There are Catholic vitalists and mechanists, conservatives and liberals, golfers and scoffers at golf. The average Catholic convention is an unparalleled display of disagreement. To a certain extent these phenomena result from a supra-national point of view. Few Catholics, especially among the intellectual, give their all to the culture of their people or country. Their contacts and their training engender a measure of universalism so well symbolized by the Latin language. The normal priest has studied medieval philosophy, French pietistic literature, German church history, British apologetics and Irish poetry. He may sometimes appear to be out of the swim but he is seldom to be caught in a corner.

Accordingly there is just no use trying to corral "Catholic support" for some favorite idea or scheme. All that can be done is to accept individuals as friendly individuals and to rely on their standing in the community for a certain resonance. Usually they will belong to a circle of like-minded people all of whom have profited from the united effort demanded by the Church. I believe it is not generally realized how many such groups can be found. Many Protestants, misled by names and attitudes which are prominent in the daily press, are greatly surprised when chance brings them together with other Catholics whose very existence they have not suspected.

Perhaps one ought to conclude by saying that the cooperationists have a right to be proud of their achievement to date. Community Chest and other efforts to raise money for charity work, interfaith interest in religious education for public school children, related endeavors to popularize concepts of social

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reform and of peace morality have enabled good men in various groups to appreciate one another. Hundreds of local meetings throughout the United States have lessened prejudice and released pent-up energies useful to the community. The larger organizations for the development of good will (notably the National Conference of Jews and Christians) can point to undertakings particularly interesting for the light they throw upon growing Catholic participation in general religious or moral activities. It is true that "common worship" has no appeal for more than a handful but "common betterment," if intelligently and realistically understood, can be an effective solvent of prejudice and the will-to-be-alone.

If we now turn to surmisals that autocracy is destined to become the form of our political institutions unless religious men form a common front to protect liberty of conscience the outlook is somewhat less encouraging. For my part I do not believe that any such amalgamation of forces could stave off dictatorship if it were really impending. During somewhat more than a century and a half the Christian Churches, Catholic and Protestant, reluctantly adapted themselves to a liberalistic society. In Europe this society was the creation of the bourgeoisie, a group which most religious leaders persistently opposed not merely because of their latent admiration for royalty and its retinue but also because they deeply distrusted the "rugged individualism" of bourgeois enterprise. The Church—even the most loosely organized Church—is either a community aware of intertwining responsibilities or it is a hollow shell. And how could there be any community in a veritable sense where "self reliance" was the universal slogan?

The Catholic Church did not lose the struggle with individualism. It merely sloughed off tens of thousands over whom it exercised a merely nominal control. The sincerely religious in every 19th-century generation were doubtless more intimately united than the congregations of earlier times. But there came a time when the zest for battle died down on both sides, and then religion widely capitulated to the age and said Amen to

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individualism, just as it had conceded the sacredness of kings after the long struggle of the Middle Ages had led to an impasse. During the conflict with liberalism many issues had been confused and beclouded. Men identified outer forms with inner values, clinging to royalism, for instance, when they should have emphasized solidarity. Then, in their haste to recognize the legitimacy of the outer forms they swallowed part of the latent heresy itself. Today there are thousands of churchmen who uphold the bourgeois order as zealously as their predecessors of a century or two ago argued for the Divine right of kings.

It may be that the malady of unbridled individualism—the theory that the one can relinquish his responsibilities to the many without blame—can be cured without any radical alteration of the social structure. Or it may be that some kind of revolution is inevitable. I do not know. But surely past experience indicates that overt ecclesiastical action is powerless to ward off the relentless attack of historical destiny. Words of Newman now nearly a hundred years old treat this subject with a contemporaneousness which makes them decidedly worth looking up. His thought may be restated as follows: the mission of the Church is to build up its own community or kingdom. This it must do regardless of time, of ease or of difficulty. And such a kingdom or community cannot be erected on the assumption that what goes on in the outer world is of primary importance. As soon as that happens religion is infected with the prevailing disease and ceases to be the regimen with which disease can be prevented.[4]

Under existing conditions a union of Churches to ward off dictatorship would only lead—if it led anywhere—to the ultimate identification of the Churches with *one form* of dictatorship. Accordingly it seems to me such a front ought to be shunned. Religious leaders should seek intensification of their own effort and leave politics alone. This is naturally a personal

[4] Cf. "The Christian Church an Imperial Power," in *Sermons on Subjects of the Day.*

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view the hurry to adopt which will occasion no stampede. During 1930 I wasted a good deal of time urging that the Churches undertake the relief of all the needy among their members. My feeling was that if the essential Christian mandate of charity were revived in this country on a determined and voluntary basis Christianity might hope to accomplish three things: to live up to its own fundamental principles; to convince the destitute that faith is not just all words; and to prevent government from acquiring a collectivistic grip upon the lives of its citizens. We are living in times when ministering to human need has become the primary function of the state, requiring the time and energy of a vast bureaucracy—a fact anomalous in Christian history. If such an attitude had been adopted during early centuries the faith enshrined in the New Testament would never have obtained the allegiance of mankind. Moreover the manner in which destitution is being dealt with visibly challenges the Christian conscience.

Perhaps the trend to collectivism which seems to be fostered by present social needs will go on until the state fashions a society which in character is the antithesis of individualism. Certainly the Churches are powerless to curb the state by merely banding together for the sake of opposition. But if their own communities are sincerely formed and aroused to full consciousness of their import the state will have nothing comparable to offer. And a society whose energies would be derived from a family of cooperating Christian communities seems so utterly feasible and so wonderfully beneficient that the Catholic, for his part, can only long for its realization.

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Our Sons Specialize

GILBERT E. DOAN

WHEN I picture the engineer's influence in modern society I see an energetic surgeon operating in a large and effective way upon the social organism. He is skilled in the use of instruments but generally quite ignorant and unconcerned about the nerves and endurance of his suffering patient. His one-sided interest in tools and techniques begins in the engineering college where his teachers are content if he learns technology. Later, when he comes to apply the knife of modern science to the vitals of society, does he inflict needless pain? Does he suffer too? But can it truly be said that the average engineering graduate is uneducated? The academic-minded scholars may say he is but that proves nothing. These scholars have forced a liberal education upon our physicians and lawyers. After all, it is the captains of industry who employ the engineers. They might tell what training leads to long-range success. What do they say about our modern engineering education?

Three of them were invited to speak recently at the dedication of a new engineering laboratory at Lehigh University. All three were engineering graduates. "What does industry expect of the engineering colleges?" they were asked. The president of the Westinghouse Company, Mr. F. A. Merrick, began rather ominously: "The most frequently heard criticism of the technical man is that he is lacking in human understanding and in acquaintance with the world of affairs." The vice-president of General Motors, Mr. A. R. Glancy, in true fact-finding fashion had canvassed "most of the presidents, managers and chief engineers in the American motor industry in order to present a representative opinion." "What does the automotive

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industry expect of these colleges?" he had asked them. "To a man, these motor executives did not see the need of a boy's specializing, not even in gasoline engine design—not because his designs would be obsolete by the time he comes to work, but because *our greater need* is for a complete grounding in the fundamentals." Speaking for himself Mr. Glancy, who is an engineer, concluded: "If the college graduate is displacing the self-made man in industry, the man with the broadest culture has the advantage over one less equipped. Because I feel so strongly on this subject, I take the stand that *at some sacrifice of scientific training*, engineering students should acquire a taste for the cultural subjects during these four years." This from the motor magnates! This from the successful engineers! The testimony was concluded by the president of the Brooklyn Edison Company, Mr. M. S. Sloan. "Many technical graduates are the victims of an over-intensified technical training which drove out of them, or failed to develop in them, other elements essential to a proper use of technical education, essential to continued and progressive usefulness in an organization where technical men are only a part of the whole. What it gets down to is that the utilities want technical graduates who aren't all technical. They want men with imagination and the ability to learn and think. They want men with a background and education broad enough so that technical training assumes its proper place but does not become the whole." Mr. Sloan is now chairman of the board of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad.

These leaders are keenly aware of the many strong features of engineering but they condemn the narrowness of the present system in no uncertain terms. As men of vision as well as men of practical affairs they preach the same doctrine as the scholars: "Get the humanities and the foundations of science but don't get technology. Industry will teach the man its technologic methods quickly enough. But industry cannot undertake to give him a liberal education or a sound scientific background if he comes without these."

What is this narrow training that the engineering schools

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give their students? The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cornell, Penn State, Purdue and Wisconsin are five prominent engineering schools. They were chosen as representative by the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education. The Society's comprehensive report shows that the student in these schools gets 30 per cent of his credits in basic science, 60 per cent in technology and 10 to 15 per cent in subjects that can be called broadening or cultural—a little English, a taste of a foreign language, a bit of economics. A report published by the S.P.E.E. this year shows that the situation remains essentially unchanged. Evidently the boy gets a good foundation in science and technology but very little else. This evidence does not contradict the industralist's charge.[1]

But the 10 to 15 per cent of liberalism may be misleading. Perhaps the *spirit* of the engineering school is broad and liberal as it was in Germany before Hitler. It could be, but after twenty years of experience in and out of such institutions both here and abroad I am compelled to admit that the American curriculum is not misleading. It truly represents the student's preparation for life. In spirit as in subject matter the typical engineering education offered in this country, possibly with a few exceptions, is essentially the same narrowly specialized schooling, involving for many fine boys the same spirit-stifling ordeal, the same growth-stunting regimen today that it did when these industrialists were students. In fact with the rapid advance of technology into new fields there is less room left in the curriculum for the humanities than there was 35 years ago. The social upheaval of the thirties resulted in a measure of soul-searching on the part of engineering faculties but so far it has led to little effective action.

Fresh out of high school the boy comes to college eager as boys are for a deeper understanding of the big things of life.

[1] In September 1936, subsequent to the writing of this paper, M.I.T. took an important step toward liberalization by raising the percentage of humanistic subjects to approximately 17 per cent, running a band of three hours in humanistic fields through the entire four years. These courses have been integrated to avoid haphazard selection. Most important, perhaps, is the liberal point of view encouraged in the faculty by this step.

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He trusts his college to know what industry wants him to learn and to steer him wisely, a sacred trust if ever there was one. Enrolled as a freshman engineer he faces a stiff schedule of chemistry, physics, mathematics, and drawing. From three to five afternoons a week in the laboratory accompany them. He sees that he must shut out everything but science from his serious attention or fail his courses. In his sophomore year the intensity of specialization increases. The humanism encouraged in him at high school is effectively submerged. His budding intellect passes through a desiccating desert of abstract science—science which furthermore, so far as he can see at the time, has little significance for his chosen special field of engineering. For his vacations he gets practical experience by working in an industrial plant and in his junior or senior year a little economics. That is all. His course contains 60 per cent of technology, including much semi-vocational training. Rapidly his broader interests atrophy under this pressure. Human problems become extraneous to his chief concerns, pale into unreality and vanish from his ken. If you want to see the result try reading a college magazine published by engineering students or talking to them about social security. The student is so busy learning new techniques that he has no leisure left for contemplating the significance of anything in college or out of it. He has no contact with history, biology, or philosophy. His condition was vividly expressed by Robert Ernest Doherty, president of the Carnegie Institute of Technology: "His intellect is literally starved for the vitamines of human appreciation, leaving him with what might be called technical rickets—a wooden interest outside his technical field."

As a result of this diet the most stimulating intellectual adventure that many a boy can remember at college is the fraternity "bull-session" prolonged into the wee hours of the morning. Here such vital topics as success, religion, morals and marriage are discussed. If one boy in such a group were soundly informed on these subjects the discussion might be enlightening but the engineering student must rely on casual

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hearsay for the answers to humanistic problems, and the interests which such sessions stir in him are next day stifled.

Is this sacrifice of breadth in the boys' education justified? Fifteen years after these students have left their alma mater we expect to find them practicing engineering. Actually, as President Compton has observed, less than 50 per cent of them are. Even the more successful of the engineering group are in positions where the managerial and administrative problems completely overshadow the technical. The farther these engineers advance the less is the relative value of their technical training and the greater would be the benefit of a liberal education. Is the sacrifice justified for the boys of either group?

We have always believed that the "mental discipline" acquired in engineering studies will make men keener analysts in all the other problems they will meet. Many engineering educators still preach that doctrine. They don't realize that psychologists have long since shown that "mental discipline" is at best only partially transferable from one field of knowledge to another. Does your training in calculus, for example, enable you to grasp the roots of a labor situation one whit more surely than you could without it? No. "The study of mathematics gives mathematical power but it does not impart skill in public speaking. The high reasoning power and exactness of the engineer may be of great use to him in certain other lines of work, but it does not qualify him to exercise these same qualities as a supreme court judge" Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the Cornell University College of Engineering, puts it. We are compelled to accept what the scholars have long maintained: the engineer's schooling is of minor value in the advanced stages of his career and of even less value in his private life. Engineers we certainly must have but must there be a lack of cultural balance in their preparation? If they are uneducated has the college kept faith with the boys?

Even in the truly professional group a chemical engineer will find himself employed in the production of electric power while a civil engineer manages a group of metallurgical fur-

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naces. The conclusion will not down: the investment of undergraduate time in specialized courses is unwise. Even such attractively labeled novelties as "The Engineering of Aviation," "Modern Arc Welding" and "Refrigeration and Air Conditioning" fall into this class of unwise investments for the undergraduate. And there are new ones every year. No S.E.C. board reviews these offerings. These are examples of the "*ad hoc*" courses which both scholars and industrial leaders so strongly condemn. Some value can be found in any course of study but with only four years available the question becomes one of which are the essential subjects and which are not. Mr. W. H. Carrier, president of a leading air conditioning firm, answered a Lehigh undergraduate's inquiry by saying: "Certainly you should not study air conditioning at college but rather the fundamental sciences on which air conditioning is founded." Walter A. Jessup, president of the Carnegie Foundation for Teaching, and Dr. Abraham Flexner, head of the Institute for Advanced Study, both say that today practically every professional and pre-professional course in the country suffers from premature specialization.

Thus it is not the study of science that prevents our engineering students from getting a balanced preparation for life. It is the crowding out of an education by semi-vocational training. This over-emphasis goes on in spite of the fact that industries can and do give vocational training to the graduates they select and do it better than the colleges.

Why, then, is the student given courses of this kind at college? In the first place the student gets them because his parents want him equipped to earn a better living and they believe specialization is the best preparation. Having, in the majority of cases, no college experience of their own they seek out the shortcuts offered by schools giving the earliest and most intensive specialization. In the second place the director of a student's curriculum is usually an engineering graduate and his own training was largely of this specialized kind. Specialties seem to the director essential to an engineering curriculum.

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They give it distinction, differentiate it from the indefinite "Arts" curriculum. If it were too much like other curricula it might indicate lack of faith in the value of the special field. Certainly it would attract fewer students. Finally, the student gets the specialized course because he wants it. He can see what it did for the professor. It promises to prepare him for a definite career, which is more than "Philosophy" promises. He hears there are good jobs open in that field. He likes the label too. It has a ring of modernity that history and biology lack. Look at the expensive laboratory equipment used in the course! That is what his high tuition buys. He should get all of it he can while the opportunity lasts. The enrolment for the course will be large, the students pleased with their opportunity and eager. What attitude could more surely warm the heart of a professor?

But don't the boy and his parents know that industrial leaders as well as scholars disapprove of specialized courses for undergraduates, that they consider a foundation in science and the humanities far more valuable than technical training? The answer is "no." They think that at least industrial leaders would strongly approve. Don't they know that at graduation the boy will take the best job offered, whether it is in his specially chosen field or not, and that the chances are several to one that it will not be?

When the subject of engineering school curricula is studied broadly, as was done in 1926-29 by the Society for the promotion of Engineering Education, the need for liberalization is unanimously acknowledged. The Society recommends that the proportion of liberal subjects be increased from 13 to 17 per cent. What have the engineering educators done about this recommendation, inadequate as it is? The report was read, no doubt, by the president of each institution and passed on to the curriculum directors with recommendation that it be perused thoughtfully. Each director will agree half-heartedly that liberalization probably is desirable, but always in another department, not in his own. The director of civil engineering

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will feel strongly that the electrical engineering curriculum should be liberalized by dropping specialized courses but that with civil engineering it is different. Perhaps as a concession to appearance a course in "Railroads and Terminals" would be moved from the "required" list and made "optional" with one in economics. He doesn't think "Arts" courses are worth much anyway. He never felt the lack of them. The report gets as much action as the 1923 Carnegie report on professionalism in college football, although for a different reason. Our question "Why does the student not get the kind of education the industrial leaders and the scholars say he should have?" has now been answered; parents seek speculative shortcuts. The engineering educators are steeped in their own tradition and that tradition is not liberal. Perennially the scholars have said engineering education was wrong from the idealistic standpoint. The industrial leaders now find it wrong from a practical standpoint.

The teachers of engineering are a group of sincere and capable men. Many have made noteworthy contributions to the technical aspects of engineering. But the price they paid was a life of narrow devotion. Only the exceptional man escapes the restricted outlook thus entailed. Their chief fault, if it be one, is this intense devotion to their own field and their undeveloped vision, often amounting to partial blindness in other fields. Usually they are not concerned with the broader problems of industry. In many cases it is their sincere belief that industry prefers men with a maximum of technical training, whether they are soundly educated or not. Thus even the changes that the far-sighted leaders of engineering education agree upon in this direction do not receive very wide adoption. You explain to your friends that fast driving, even on an open road, is dangerous. There are curves and hills and cross-roads and pedestrians. The annual death roll is appalling. Then you go out and drive 90 miles an hour yourself.

Do the alumni who invested in these technical specialties at college later criticize their alma mater or feel resentment at

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the faculties which trained them so narrowly? Generally not. The alumnus enjoyed the prospect of an engineering career and the sincere enthusiasm of his teachers for their subjects. He saw the practical usefulness of the studies he pursued—even if they never were useful to him. When he left engineering he did so of his own free will. He had bettered himself by so doing. Anyway college had been fun. "If I had it to do again I would take the same course" says the engineering graduate who has become a non-technical executive. But you must note that the liberal arts graduate who holds a similar job says exactly the same thing. One cannot expect him very ardently to long for what he doesn't understand. Few men regret what they did in a period of life which on the whole they enjoyed; few will bewail a deficiency they have later partly overcome. Most of the highly successful graduates are too busy and too tolerant to try to influence the educational policies of their alma maters.

This unsound state of affairs in the education of 50,000 bright boys a year should not continue. The preparation of engineering students should attain the standard agreed upon by both scholars and leaders of industry. And I believe it will. An adequate grounding can be achieved in four years. Most of the engineering specialties will have to be eliminated. To those who want them, specialties will be available in a fifth year.

Equally important, the attitude of engineering educators toward liberal education must change, for they hold the boys' complete confidence. What they tell him in these matters he accepts and will continue to accept as final truth. There is some evidence recently that their attitude may change but new and attractive fields of special technology are constantly being developed and parents and their sons will for some time continue to seek them as speculative shortcuts to success. As long as they are willing to pay the price the temptation to meet their wishes, however unwise, is great. The scientific foundation of the student's education will be preserved and augmented. But the capable graduate of the new type will have been prepared

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to act wisely in a broader sphere of affairs. When a labor crisis arises out of the use of one of his labor-saving machines, for example, his background of history, and perhaps psychology, will enable him to see the industrial situation in a clearer perspective. When a social security program is proposed, perhaps by thoughtless politicians, he will be able to understand at least the basic biological significance as well as the fundamental economic implications bound up in it for the future of the human race. He will have a right conception of the ends of life. Such vital questions as women in industry, the liberty of the individual in society, and crime will present themselves to him not as simple problems, it is true, but as matters resolvable into their component parts in the broad light of the great fundamentals of biology, economics and history. He will be competent to see his engineering activities in their proper background and perspective—that is, he will be an educated man and not merely a technician.

Certain superiorities inherent in engineering education will certainly be preserved in the new version. Engineering education is professional education; it is purposeful and definite. In its liberalized form it will continue to supply dynamic and purposeful motivation to the student. Through this focus of his mind he will integrate the liberalizing and humanistic studies which must accompany professional training.

The faults of the present engineering education are not inherent in it. They can be eliminated without sacrifice and with great gain. Let one first-class college cut through the meshes of its illiberal traditions and the inertia of its vested interests. Let it frankly and wholeheartedly abandon the training of technicians in behalf of the education of engineers. Such a college need not fear for its future. To it will inevitably be attracted both a faculty to provide sympathetic administration of its program and a student body capable of profiting thereby. They will come from the better backgrounds where engineering education is now increasingly condemned. But the first step must be to set up a sound and attractive program.

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O'Neill—"New Risen Attic Stream"?

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A GOOD deal has been said, not a little of it without too much critical reflection, on the relationship of Eugene O'Neill's plays to Greek tragedy, more particularly of course the *Mourning Becomes Electra* which is an intentional parallel to the trilogy of Aeschylus. The Greeks were mentioned in connection with O'Neill, however, before he wrote his tale of the house of Mannon and it would be pertinent to discuss his relationship to them had he never deliberately set out to restate one of their great themes in modern terms.

It has always seemed to me that in spite of the long labors of great scholars we know less about Greek tragedy than we sometimes assume we do. These tragedies were stage plays primarily—in their own day almost exclusively—and their effect on an audience was undoubtedly quite different from any effect they could possibly achieve today (or I certainly hope so, from some performances I have endured!). How far the choral passages created an operatic effect now lost I doubt if anyone can say for certain, nor can anyone be certain how far the religious origins of tragedy imposed their mood, together with the religious implications inherent in the familiar themes employed. The slight parallel with the early mystery plays is a dangerous one to invoke because the medieval audience of Europe was a long way from the audience in the Athens of Pericles; its naive faith was probably greater but its naive interest in sheer story was probably greater, too. It was much riper for mimetic realism. Yet even in Athens tragedy moved from the almost impersonal characterization of Aeschylus to the comparative realism of Euripides in two generations. And Greek comedy, certainly, was far from impersonal or lacking in realistic detail.

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But of one thing at least we can be certain; the chorus in Greek drama played an important role, esthetically perhaps not clearly realized by us, but intellectually plain enough. The chorus was the voice of the dramatist himself, commenting on his theme and thus removing the drama from the realm of realistic representation and making it to that extent a spoken poem about life rather than a replica of individual characters. This would make Greek tragedy frigid and a little strange to a modern audience.

Moreover even without the word of Aristotle the continued popularity of this type of drama in the Greek theatre is sufficient testimony that it gave to its auditors a peculiar kind of pleasure. In Aristotle's famous phrase it effected an emotional catharsis by inspiring "pity and terror." Now there have been plenty of plays in our modern theatre which have inspired pity and plenty which have inspired terror and not a few perhaps which have inspired both, yet it never occurred to anybody to compare them with Greek tragedy. Many of them could not be called tragedies at all. The terror in a Greek tragedy comes from a sense of horrible doom impending from the start and the pity from the helplessness of the victims. "Fate" is the word most often employed but "doom" seems to me better and much more in the mood of the dramas. This doom cannot be considered retributive justice, for the victims whom we pity are too often innocent. It might be retributive justice that Orestes strikes down his mother and her paramour but it isn't for them we feel pity. It is for Orestes, driven by the Gods to do this bloody deed and then pursued by the Furies because he obeyed. The Gods decree vengeance yet there is another force in the world which punishes matricide. Orestes was hopelessly caught on the horns of a moral dilemma. From another point of view it is the ancient riddle of the presence of good and evil in the world. Unlike the later Christians the Greeks had no Satan on whom to lay the blame for evil. Aeschylus could not write an "Olympus Lost." But he was no less aware than Milton of the need of explanation to justify the way of Gods to men, though unable to devise so neat an explanation and so complete a solution. In fact in the

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Orestes trilogy he avoided any solution and resorted to propaganda for the entirely human courts of Athens.

"Diminish evil," Nietzsche once said, "and it will go hard with the tragic poets." Of course, and the greater the evil the greater the tragedy, *i.e.* the stronger the emotions of pity and terror. But if the evil that men do is the result of their individual character, if it can be corrected by volitional action or by remedial social legislation, it results in a kind of tragedy no longer Greek. When Aristotle said tragedy should be more concerned with plot than with character he meant no doubt that it should be removed from the personal and centred on Man's relations to this perplexing universe. It is for this reason that we can find a relation between *Hamlet* or *Lear* and Greek tragedy, but not between *Macbeth* or *Othello*. There is terror enough in the murder of Duncan but in that scene few of us, I venture, remember the weird Sisters or think of them seriously enough as arbiters of Fate to take the murder out of the realm of personal guilt. Macbeth knew what he was about and deliberately chose the evil. In modern times Ibsen's *Ghosts* has frequently been likened to Greek tragedy but never, to my knowledge, his *Hedda Gabler*. The sins of the fathers slink through the former play with the soft shuffle of a horrid doom and why the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children is no less pitiful and inexplicable than the burden of woe laid on Oedipus or Orestes. *Hedda Gabler*, on the other hand, is the story of a personality who died from boredom. It rouses no terror and little pity. It is modern, realistic and not Greek at all.

Just why any tragedy, in the theatre, should bring pleasure and why the Greek type should bring, to many people, admittedly the highest degree of pleasure it is no part of our task (fortunately!) to explain. The fact that it does will be granted I think by all readers of this paper. And the fact will also be granted, probably, that in the modern theatre, the theatre since the decline of spontaneous poetic speech and the coming of realism, tragedy in the Greek sense, removed from the personal and elevated into the regions where speculations about life,

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especially the problems of good and evil, of Man's place in the universe, become a dominant element has almost vanished from the stage. In direct antithesis to Aristotle we find Galsworthy remarking "Character is plot." (Yet, in *Justice* Galsworthy himself was possibly nearer to the Greeks than to the tragedy of character.) More and more playwriting has become a study of the individual; a dominating motto has been "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." Or if blame has been fixed elsewhere it is not on the stars but on society —you and I—individuals, who can do something about it. This is more hopeful, less tragic, than the dooms in Aeschylus.

And into the modern theatre, the theatre of individual character study or Shavian reform, came Eugene O'Neill, a man deeply troubled by the ancient riddle of good and evil, vexed by the problem of Man's place in the universe, his mixed inheritance, his evil deeds, his capacity for struggle. If you desire a clue to O'Neill's real relation to the Greek tragedians you may find it in a remark he made to Barrett Clark and which Mr. Clark has published—"Too many playwrights are intent on writing about people instead of life." O'Neill has been intent on writing about life; and because life is profound and perplexing and filled with dark things of evil and pitiful frustrations of the human spirit and because these things have troubled him O'Neill has constantly tended to make his characters subservient to some tragic end far larger than they. He has had no racial legends to draw on (though he once made use of the familiar tale of Ponce de Leon) and he has of necessity worked in the modern realistic theatre. But he has not worked in the spirit of the modern realists, and seeking for an analogy we have discovered it in the Greek tragedians. It is far from a complete analogy of course. But there is much to justify it.

In his first long play, *Beyond the Horizon*, we find the central character a young man filled with dreams of adventure "beyond the horizon," which may well symbolize the ideal aspirations of the human spirit. But we find this same young man caught in the toils of love for a woman (not an individual

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problem here but a symbol of the natural man) and the end is tragic frustration. The hero is guiltless; he is a victim of a contradiction inherent in life. One of O'Neill's earlier and most artistically rounded plays, *The Emperor Jones*, though its expressionistic style is worlds away from what we know of the Greek theatre, brings its protagonist to a tragic end (foreseen from the start, like a doom) not to illustrate a flaw in his character or retributive justice but to show the inescapable working of racial heritage under the pressure of fear. *The Hairy Ape* is the tragedy of vision thwarted by ignorance. Yank, the giant stoker, is hardly an individual; he is a symbol of those dreams of usefulness and power which may glorify a substratum of society and which are blasted by bewildering contact with the social set-up as a whole. In some ways too modern to compare with the Greeks, *The Hairy Ape* nevertheless does not give us the tragedy of an individual at fault but of an individual beaten down by the hopeless complexity of life, his highest instincts leading directly to his undoing. The pity is akin to Greek pity.

When *Desire Under the Elms* was produced in New York in 1924 attempts were made there and elsewhere to suppress it as "immoral." They were successful only, I believe, in Boston. All sorts of people sprang to its defense and a large number of them drew an analogy between it and Greek tragedy. Certainly after seeing it we have supped full on horrors and certainly a spectator who is at all sensitive finds himself at the close exalted and cleansed quite in the Aristotelean tradition. In so far, it is Greek. In an atmosphere of family hates, and striving against the cold, hard Calvinism of old Ephraim Cabot, his young third wife, actuated by a selfish desire to secure possession of the farm for herself, deliberately seduces his son Eben that she may bear a son to palm off on the old man as his and hers. But in the process she unlooses a force stronger than herself. She falls in love with Eben and as beauty opens to these starved lines the tragedy of their act overtakes them. The cleansing quality of the play lies in the fact that at the end, when they are led away to jail for murder, they seem above sin and sordidness and

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sense for the first time the beauty of the morning because something within them has found beauty in their pitiful lives. The evil in the world inexorably frustrates and overthrows but as inexorably something in the human spirit gropes upward and faces the sunrise. Here is a spirit Aeschylus could understand.

But it is also true that O'Neill here as elsewhere, although he is writing about life rather than individuals, is writing about life in terms of human psychology and is probing the mind and the instincts rather than the decrees of the Gods. It would be strange if in this age he did not do so. However, it gives to even such a well-knit and moving tragedy as *Desire Under the Elms* a modern tinge which suggests Strindberg quite as much as Aeschylus. And that holds true I think of his great trilogy fashioned on Greek models, *Mourning Becomes Electra.*

O'Neill kept a diary—by fits and starts—while he was incubating, writing and rewriting this drama. It has been published and affords us an unusual glimpse into an author's creative processes. It begins in the Spring of 1926, less than two years after critics had hailed *Desire* as a Greek tragedy.

> Spring, 1926—Modern psychological drama using one of the old legend plots of Greek tragedy for its basic theme—the Electra story? —the Medea? Is it possible to get modern psychological approximation of the Greek sense of fate into such a play, which an intelligent audience of today, possessed of no belief in gods or supernatural retribution, could accept and be moved by?
>
> October 1928 [there had been nothing in the interim]: Arabian Sea en route for China—Greek tragedy plot idea—story of Electra and family psychologically most interesting. . . .
>
> November, 1928, China Sea—Greek plot idea. Give modern Electra figure in play tragic ending worthy of character. In Greek story she peters out into undramatic married banality. Such a character contained too much tragic fate in her soul to permit this—why should Furies have let Electra escape unpunished?
>
> Cap d'Ail, France, April, 1929—Greek tragedy plot idea. No matter in what period American history play is laid, must remain modern psychological drama—nothing to do with period except to use as mask—What war? Revolution too far off, too clogged in people's minds with romantic grammar school history associations. World War too near

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and recognizable in its obstructing (for my purpose) minor aspects and superficial character identifications (audience would not see fated wood because too busy recalling trees)—needs distance and perspective—period not too distant for audience to associate it with, yet possessing costume, etc.—possessing sufficient mask of time and space, so that audience will unconsciously grasp at once it is primarily drama of hidden life forces—fate—behind lives of characters. Civil War is only possibility—fits into picture—Civil War as background for drama of murderous love and hate.

Cap d'Ail, France, April, 1929—Greek tragedy plot idea—Lay in New England small seaport, shipbuilding town—family town's best—shipbuilders and owners—wealthy for period—Agamemnon character town's leading citizen, Mayor before war, now brigadier general in Grant's army—opening act of play day of Lee's surrender—house Greek temple front type that was rage in first half nineteenth century (this fits in well and absolutely justifiable, not forced Greek similarity). This home of New England house of Atreus—was built in 1830, say, by Atreus character, Agamemnon's father—grotesque perversion of everything Greek temple expressed of meaning of life. (New England background best possible dramatically for Greek plot of crime and retribution chain of fate. Puritan conviction of man born to sin and punishment. Orestes' furies within him, his conscience, etc.)

The remainder of the diary shows the tremendous labor which went into the play, the constant revisions to secure a form which would not seem strange and forced to a modern audience and yet would keep the play at least one remove from realism, and the constant reminder to himself that he must maintain the sense of Fate, of marching doom. It is interesting to note O'Neill's immediate interest in Electra (there is more of Euripides than of Aeschylus here) and his final almost complete discarding of the third play in the Aeschylus trilogy as a model. His interest in Electra would have compelled him to do so if nothing else had, for no Furies pursued her. Yet to O'Neill she is even more important than Orestes, not only because she instigates her brother to crime but because since in her the heritage of hate takes its most terrible form through her must O'Neill's climax be achieved. There can be no doubt on the part of anyone who saw the Theatre Guild's brilliant production of this play that O'Neill succeeded in writing a modern tragedy based on one of

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the Greek stories, employing psychology as a substitute for Greek Fate to produce the mood of impending doom. But to me there is considerable doubt whether he succeeded in writing so Greek a tragedy as he wrote in *Desire Under the Elms*.

For one thing the motives here are too complex, too little the normal and inevitable, too much the special and diseased. In the house of Atreus, almost as in a primitive Kentucky blood feud, certain revenges had to be taken; and whatever else they may have been to the Greek mind the Furies were not conscience. The murders committed were crimes that were not crimes and the afflicted perpetrators were pitiful victims. For their murdered victims there was no pity at all. But in the house of Mannon nothing is so simple as that and O'Neill cannot help taking an equal interest, psychologically, in his Clytemnestra, his Agamemnon, his Aegisthus. Try as he may to write about life, not individuals, O'Neill individualizes these characters quite as much as his Orestes and Electra; and the interplay of their relations, their loves and hates and perverted passions, become so much a part of the web of the story that we become absorbed in a psychological drama and feel not so much that only Zeus can cut this knot of Fate as that a wise psychiatrist is needed. For all O'Neill's skill in maintaining the sense of a family inheritance of morbid prides and hates and emotional tendencies these Mannons are too strange to be Greek, too unmotivated by the simple, universally inescapable life forces which dominated the characters in *Desire Under the Elms* to bear more than a superficial likeness to Greek counterparts.

And the similarity grows less as the play progresses. Certainly O'Neill could not find any externalized modern counterpart of the Furies. There was nothing for him to do but to make the tragedy of Orestes the tragedy of conscience and a broken mind and that of Electra the terrible realization that in wreaking her vengeance she had not, after all, escaped the house of Mannon but had immured herself forever within its walls as in a living tomb. Thus the tragedy ends on a more hopeless note than any of O'Neill's other plays and a more hopeless note than a reading

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of the great Greek tragedies seems ever to suggest. The catharsis is imperfect, not because the language lacks the poetic lift of Aeschylus or Shakespeare (O'Neill himself has publicly regretted his inability to clothe his theme in more exalted speech) but rather because the protagonists have all an inherent weakness in themselves—their guilt is the guilt of baseness or perversion or a sick mind. Hence there is lacking, or in considerable part lacking, that curious, perhaps inexplicable beauty and satisfaction of great tragedy, from *Oedipus the King* to *Hamlet*—of something triumphant in the human soul, because life, in Fate's despite, can go on producing heroes and those who seek for beauty and those whose spirits are a comfort and a beacon.

Thus, paradoxically, by seeking deliberately to create, in modern terms, the effect of Greek tragedy, and using a Greek story for his plot, O'Neill has been, or so it seems to me, less Greek than in other of his plays where he invented his own story, thought probably nothing at all about the Greeks, and sought only to set down his feelings about life, its paradoxes of good and evil, its apparent frustrations and its unconquerable aspiration. For much of his technique and his preoccupation with the psychology of those passions which lead men to tragedy his debt is of course far greater to Strindberg, even in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, than to Aeschylus or Euripides. But the tragedy which achieves that strange catharsis, that ennobling of the spirit after the spectacle of lust and crime and death, is so rare in the modern world that when O'Neill produced such tragedy it was natural that a chorus of voices proclaimed him Greek. And in his aloofness from realism, his reflection on life rather than individuals, and his passionate sympathy with the unconquerable aspirations of the human spirit, immersed in evil howsoever deep it be, he is certainly Greek enough to be a strange and compelling figure in our modern playhouse. Whether, however, his days of tragedy are over we must wait to see. His last play was a happy, realistic comedy, definitely about individuals, no more Greek than Booth Tarkington. Possibly, and healthily, he resents being pigeonholed.

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The Upstart of the Animal Kingdom

EARNEST A. HOOTON

AT THIS time when the seniors of all the colleges and universities of this country have disgorged the undigested knowledge of four years in their ultimate examinational spasm and are ready to receive degrees and to look for jobs it may be well to attempt a brief recapitulation of primate progress—from lemurs to Phi Beta Kappas. The principal public function of the anthropologist is to instill into man a proper humility, by reminding him of his humble origin and by demonstrating to him how short a distance he has come from his lower mammalian forbears and in how prodigiously long a time. Therefore I propose to divest you of golden keys, of learned degrees, and of academic regalia and to take you back sixty millions of years to the dank forests of the Primate Dawn.

Through the long middle ages of life on the earth multifarious reptiles had dominated the scene—aquatic, aerial, and terrestrial, herbivorous and carnivorous, tiny and gigantic, but generally slimy. I think that by the end of the Mesozoic Age nature had grown tired of dinosaurs—fed up with their eggs—and felt ready for a leadership of brains. Throughout this period there had been lying low, or rather sitting high in the tree tops, some little long-snouted insectivores who reproduced their young in higher mammalian fashion and suckled them at the breast instead of laying eggs *passim* like reptiles. In the fullness of time and at the beginning of the Paleocene, per-

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haps sixty million years ago, there sprang from this order of insectivores the first primitive primates, called lemurs.

These early lemurs were animals of small pretensions and apparently slight evolutionary promise. They had longish snouts, laterally directed eyes and very modest brains but they possessed the most precious of animal endowments, adaptability. This adaptability is essentially the faculty of grasping an environmental opportunity and following, not the line of least resistance but that of greatest opportunity. Literally and corporeally this ability to grasp an object and a situation was centered in the prehensile pentadactyle hands and feet, equipped with flat nails instead of claws and with thumbs and great toes which could be opposed to the other digits. These sensitive members could encircle a bough, pluck a leaf, pick a flea or convey an edible object to the eyes for examination, to the snout for smelling and to the mouth for tasting. These hands and feet were not only prehensile but also tactile organs which enabled their small tree-dwelling owners to explore the world and to become conscious of the various parts of their own bodies inaccessible to most quadrupeds. Their greatest importance was not in being conveyors merely of food to the mouth but rather of messages to the brain, which now began to be something more than a sensory receptacle and a coordinator of muscular movements. The lemur brain began to record associations, to register visual and tactile impressions and to allocate to specific areas of its nervous cortex definite functions—motor, sensory and associative. In short, these lemurs began really to exercise their brains and to manifest intelligence. The hands called to the brain and the latter responded, assuming the function of direction and guidance.

Let us pause for a few moments to consider the advantages of arboreal life to a small and weak animal. A tiny terrestrial animal has to depend largely upon its sense of smell to warn it of the approach of enemies and to enable it to find food. Its visual sense is of comparatively slight utility because its horizon is restricted by its nearness to the ground. It lives in a world of

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tall grass and underbrush. It "noses its way through life." Now suppose this small animal climbs a tree. It gets up out of the wet and away from the clutch of enemies; it has a chance to sit up and look around. Arboreal life puts a premium upon the visual sense and the olfactory function diminishes in importance. The animal begins to look for its food rather than to sniff for it. Agility and motor coordination are essential for moving about in the trees and avoiding falls. On the whole no nursery school could be more ideal for a small mammal with prehensile extremities. The original equipment of five-digited hands and feet with opposable thumbs and great toes allowed the animal to grasp an object of whatever shape and size and the absence of protrusive claws encouraged the use of the finger bulbs for tactile discrimination.

The dietary afforded by the tropic forest was varied and stimulated an omnivorous habit—extremely useful for evolutionary survival as anyone who has lived in a boarding-house should know. Nuts, fruits, berries, leaves and shoots for salads, birds' eggs, grubs and even birds themselves if these could be caught—here were plenty of vitamins; and sufficient sunlight was handy for those disposed to climb to the top of the trees.

Parental care, too, was necessitated by the arboreal habitat since the young of mammals are relatively helpless. Those secondarily adapted for arboreal life must be reared in a nest or carried on their mothers' bodies until they attain the strength, agility and experience to pursue their precarious aerial lives.

Nature then had provided these primitive lemurine primates with a bodily equipment suitable for arboreal life, and necessity, or less probably choice, had driven them into the trees. Here was offered, to those who could grasp it, the educational opportunity for evolutionary advancement. Now the most mystifying feature of evolution and of modern human life is the variation of individuals in their capacity to utilize opportunities. Why do some people absorb and assimilate an education and others merely excrete it? The arboreal habitat for some of these early primates was a catalytic agent for evolutionary

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progress and for others merely a lotus-eating existence. Students of organic evolution dismiss the question by asserting that some animals are progressive and adaptive whereas others are conservative and rigid. As a matter of fact the secret of progress appears to be the ability of the animal to utilize the advantages of an environment without molding its organism too narrowly to the requirements of any particular mode of life. The really progressive animal must if possible adapt environment to itself and not become too malleable to its influence. It must maintain its organic independence, it must possess a certain initiative whereby it picks and chooses, and when choice is narrowed to its extreme disadvantage it needs to move on in search of better things. There are today, of course, plenty of lemurs in Madagascar, Africa, and Indonesia, and they are probably very little changed from their original proto-primate status in bodily form and in habits. These, however, are the stultified and backward children of the Order—the perennial kindergarteners.

Practically contemporary with the early lemurs, possibly an offshoot from some gifted lemuroid stock, were other and more precocious primates, the tarsioids. To see what they were like we have had to study their few relatively unmodified modern descendants, confined to the islands of Indonesia. These tarsioids differed from the lemurs in a number of significant and promising features and habits. First, instead of running on all fours through the trees they hopped on their hind legs. An animal which has to use all four limbs for locomotion and support is necessarily dependent upon its snout for tactile and feeding purposes but these little arboreal tarsioids have "emancipated their fore-limbs" for purposes of prehension, exploration and hand-feeding. Release from the function of bough-gripping foreshadowed tool-using, tool-making and the ultimate genesis of material culture. Further, the hopping tarsier sits up and looks around; it carries the long axis of its body perpendicular to the ground instead of parallel with it. It takes a vertical rather than a horizontal view of life.

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It is a principle of Nature that organs increase in size when their functions are enlarged and atrophy when their activity is diminished. In the tarsioids there took place an elongation of the tarsus (that portion of the foot which supports the hopping animal). Far more important, however, were changes in the face, the brain case and the brain itself, associated with the upright sitting posture and the freedom of the fore-limbs. For an animal largely dependent upon its olfactory sense, the snout, terminating in a moist muzzle or rhinarium, not only serves as the principal tactile organ; it also collects the scents and odors by which the animal's existence is guided. Furthermore the snout includes inferiorly the jaws, the incisive front ends of which are projected forward of the eyes in order that the animal can graze and still see what it is eating and what is going on around it. But with the free use of prehensile hands as organs of touch and conveyors of food a projecting snout loses its function. Thus we find the snout greatly shortened in the tarsier. Furthermore, the visual sense in this animal has become wholly dominant over the olfactory. The brain has swollen enormously and particularly those portions of the cortex or nervous covering in which vision is represented; the neopallium, or new cloak of the brain, has spread like a tent over the primitive olfactory bulbs, covering, obscuring and dwarfing them. To accommodate this larger brain the skull has grown backward so that now it nearly balances upon the vertical spinal column. The tarsier can hold up its head without straining the neck muscles with the weight of the thrust-out and over-balancing snout.

Lemurs and lower mammals have eyes laterally directed on each side of a protrusive snout. They see with one eye at a time and the fields of vision do not overlap. Such wall-eyed brutes lack stereoscopic vision whereby the eyes can focus simultaneously upon the same object and without which there can be no depth of perception and but little perspective. The tarsier, in contrast, has formed the habit of holding objects in front of its eyes for examination. Whether for this reason or another,

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its eyes have tended to swivel forward toward the frontal plane so that their axes of vision are less divergent although not yet parallel. Probably the fields of vision overlap to some extent but true stereoscopic sight has not yet been realized. Moreover this little animal displays certain anatomical precocities of the reproductive system which foreshadow the higher primates and determine the consensus of zoölogical opinion that monkeys, apes and even man must own some progressive Eocene form of this arboreal hopper as their ultimate primate ancestor.

It would have taken a zoölogist gifted with extraordinary evolutionary foresight to predict from the generalized Eocene tarsioids the final emergence of Homo. But if we move on to the Oligocene period, not more than thirty-five millions of years ago, we find in the dried up lake bed of the Fayum west of the Nile ample evidence of the great evolutionary strides which the primates had taken in their first quarter of a hundred million years. Primitive and generalized Old World monkeys appear—and from a tarsioid to a monkey is a bigger jump than from an ape to a man. The monkeys have much larger and better developed brains than tarsioids. Instead of being smooth and probably devoid of well-defined association areas, the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, or forebrain, is now wrinkled or convoluted, affording more nervous cortical surface. The occipital lobes of the forebrain in monkeys overhang the hind brain or cerebellum, which in the tarsiers is naked and exposed. The greatest expansion in the monkey brain has occurred in the so-called association areas, especially in the frontal and parietal regions. The visual and general sensory areas are now widely separated and well differentiated. Binocular or stereoscopic vision exists; there is an advanced method of intra-uterine nourishment of the young; without doubt there are enhanced mental faculties such as better memory, clearer association of ideas, intensified emotional activity, more acute tactile discrimination and sharper attention—above all, perhaps, the genesis of a certain curiosity, a tendency to poke into and investigate things. The faculty which makes a monkey mischievous is precisely

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that which in man has created something unique in the world of life—a material culture. It manifests itself in lower primate forms in an irresistible inclination to pull things apart; in man it puts things together. The monkey uses his agile fingers and his restless brain in play; man puts them to work.

We know little of these Oligocene monkeys except that they were small, primitive and generalized ancestors of the simian troops which people the forests of Asia and Africa today. However, just as the precocious tarsier appears in the same Eocene deposits with the less advanced lemur, so in the Oligocene beds of the Fayum the first tiny anthropoid ape is a contemporary of the ancestral Old World Monkey. The rise of this small ape was the second greatest achievement of organic evolution—the explicit promise of a reasoning animal which should create a civilization. There remains of Propliopithecus, ape of the dawn, only the half of a lower jaw and some teeth but these bespeak incontrovertibly a form which must have stood at the very point of divergence of the anthropoid-humanoid stock from that of the monkeys.

You may inquire how paleontologists and zoölogists are able to trace descent through teeth, which seem small and inadequate pegs upon which to hang whole genealogies. The expert upon fossil remains has to work with those parts of the body which best resist the attacks of time. In most animals these happen to be the teeth and the lower jaws—relatively tough and indigestible morsels which no beast of prey can stomach. The teeth are composed of dentine, coated on the crowns and necks with hard enamel, and they normally outlast all other skeletal parts. One of the most sinister signs of degression in civilized man is that he holds the undesirably unique position of being the only animal whose teeth commonly decay so early in life that his open mouth reveals a charnel house—an inadequately whitened sepulchre of rotting dentition.

The number and kind of teeth and the details of their cusp pattern have been found to be the most reliable criteria of relationship which comparative anatomy affords. Not only does

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the architecture of the teeth furnish a substantial clue as to the diet of the owner; it also indicates his descent. Thus the molar teeth of the little Propliopithecus show substantially the same five-cusped pattern as those of later fossil anthropoids, the present great apes and man. That is about all that we know of Propliopithecus except that he stands closer to the line of the modern gibbon than to that of the giant primates which ultimately gave rise to man, gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan. We may, however, postulate that this common ancestor of apes and man had a much larger brain relative to his body size than any existing monkey although in actual bulk he could have been no larger than a human suckling. It is probable also that Propliopithecus was an arboreal brachiator—i.e. he moved about the trees by taking long swings with his arms, the body suspended in an upright position and the legs trailing in the air. This brachiating habit, with consequent elongation of the arms, is characteristic of all existing anthropoid apes and there are ample traces of its former presence in the ancestral line of man. With it developed the vertical suspension of the viscera by means of sheets of membrane which hold the organs in place and prevent them from slumping into the pelvic cavity when the trunk is upright. Such suspension is a prerequisite for the biped erect posture on the ground, afterwards adopted by the hominids. Propliopithecus still lived on a generalized and mainly frugivorous diet such as the trees of the tropical forest afford; he was no predatory carnivore.

Our next glimpse of primate evolution is at the beginning of the Miocene period, perhaps nineteen million years ago. By this time the Old World monkeys are well developed and the anthropoid ape line has differentiated a full-fledged gibbon and the first of the generalized *giant* apes. The present gibbons are restricted to the southeastern portion of Asia and adjacent islands of the Indonesian archipelago. They are small arboreal anthropoids standing about three feet in height and very slender in build. With their prodigious arms (so long that they touch the ground when the animal stands erect) they swing

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from bough to bough and from tree to tree, easily clearing spaces of twenty to thirty feet. Like monkeys and tarsiers they produce only one offspring at a birth and take very good care of that single infant. When on the ground they run on their hind legs, keeping the knees bent and holding their arms aloft like a sprinter about to breast the tape. They have big and complicated brains, somewhat projecting jaws with long, sabre-like teeth, elongated and slender hands and feet with opposable thumbs and great toes. The Miocene gibbons were somewhat less specialized than those of the present day but were otherwise substantially like them.

Much more important are the remains of the generalized giant anthropoid apes of the Lower and Middle Miocene, which are often lumped together into one big group—the Dryopithecus family. The earliest of these apes appear on the Mediterranean edge of the Libyan desert but later they are distributed through Europe and along the southern foothills of the Himalayas, in the Siwalik deposits. These anthropoids are represented for the most part by isolated teeth and fragments of mandibles, with an occasional long bone. From these bits, however, it may be inferred that there were many genera and species—some already clearly ancestral to the orang-utan (the giant ape of Borneo and Sumatra), some showing dental features foreshadowing the African apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, and others displaying dentitions that make them possible ancestors of man.

Meanwhile what of man? It is generally postulated that his separation from the common anthropoid-humanoid stock occurred at least as early as the middle of the Miocene period—at a guess, thirteen million years ago. A strong body of opinion, in which I do not concur, would even go so far as to derive the humanoid line from a small ground ape which diverged from the anthropoid stocks back in the Oligocene, before there were any giant primates. This view is inacceptable to me because man bears in his molar teeth the pattern of his Dryopithecus heritage and because he manifests more numerous and detailed re-

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semblances to the present great African apes than can be explained plausibly by convergence or by such a remote relationship as is implied in the theory of the small Oligocene ground-ape ancestor.

Geologists generally agree that the uplifting of the Central Asiatic plateau and the formation of the Himalayas and other encircling mountain chains occurred in the Miocene period. According to one theory this uplift was accompanied by a desiccation and deforestation of the elevated regions which left the ancestral generalized anthropoids under the necessity of migrating to some area where the forests were intact or of taking to the ground. Whether our ancestors made a virtue of a necessity by adopting a terrestrial life because there were no more trees or whether they took a chance on the ground out of sheer initiative can be argued but not proved. It may be noted that arboreal life, so advantageous for small primates, becomes a very cramping and precarious existence when an animal attains the body bulk of man and the great anthropoid apes. Firstly, the struggle against gravity increases with increments of weight. The orang-utan or gorilla is forced to keep to the larger boughs and the trunks of the trees and cannot flip lightly from the terminal branches of one tree to the next as does the gibbon. Big anthropoids must move slowly and cautiously, testing out the strength of branches before entrusting their weight to them. They have to waste a good deal of energy trying not to fall out of the trees. Again, tree life provides a sufficient diet for a small primate but the two-hundred-pound ape has rather lean pickings. He has to devour vast quantities of fruits and roughage in order to keep going at all and spends most of his life in a vain pursuit of his appetite.

Is it then incomprehensible that a giant primate, endowed with somewhat more courage and initiative than his fellows, should have taken a chance upon the ground? There a fall means merely getting up again, there food is infinitely more plentiful and varied, there progress is a matter of putting one foot in front of another instead of a precarious climbing from

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bough to bough, which gets one nowhere but out on the end of the limb. Zaccheus of the biblical story showed great perspicacity in climbing a tree but greater intelligence still in that he chose the auspicious moment in which to come down.

Here and then was the crucial event of primate evolution—the transformation of a tree-dwelling ape into a terrestrial biped. When our anthropoid ancestor took to the ground alternatives of posture and locomotion were offered him. The first was quadrupedal progression, the habitual gait of the gorilla, the chimpanzee and the orang-utan when they leave the trees. This habit would have involved a loss of the free use of the forelimbs and might even have necessitated a re-development of the snout as, seemingly, in the dog-faced baboons. Such a choice might have resulted in our continuance as apes. Erect posture, on the contrary, offered every possible advantage, except that of stability. Moreover our anthropoid forbears were probably already adjusted for the upright position by their previous habit of suspending the body from the arms in brachiating and by climbing up and down the trunks of trees. It has even been suggested that our arboreal line may have been somewhat deficient in arm development, so that its members were not efficient brachiators.

At any rate a series of far-reaching anatomical adaptations was necessary before man attained his present efficiency in standing, walking and running as an "erect and featherless biped." In the first place his center of gravity had to shift to a position above the supporting hind limbs—a result effected naturally by erecting the trunk. In order to accomplish this straightening of the body axis, the spine had to be bent in its free region between the rib cage and the pelvis. Thus originated the lumbar curve, a concavity of the vertebral column in the small of the back which converts the spine into a graceful sigmoid shape and incidentally gives rise to innumerable backaches. Then, since the entire body weight was now transmitted to the hind limbs through the pelvis, the form of the latter had to be modified to serve this purpose, and so changed also as to

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provide suitable surfaces for attachment of the muscles which balance the body in the upright posture. To dispense with technical detail, it may be said that the pelvis was broadened and flattened from a funnel to a basin shape. The legs became enormously elongated and strengthened in accordance with the new demands made upon them as the exclusive organs of support and locomotion. But the most radical changes occurred in the foot, which had to be transformed from a mobile prehensile member, much like a hand, to a more stable and rigid organ. Apes and monkeys can oppose their great toes (which protrude inward like thumbs) to the tips of their long outer digits. Such a movement is essential for the encircling foot grasp of boughs. It is quite useless for a flat-footed walker. The great toe was brought into line with the long axis of the foot and converted into a main point of pedal support. The outer toes, no longer used for grasping, were shortened. The tarsus, originally composed of loose and mobile bones like those of the wrist, was molded into a springy vault of wedge-shaped elements. The heel bone was prolonged backward to give more leverage to the great calf muscles which lift the body to the balls of the feet in walking. Thus originated the makeshift organ we call the human foot, with its easily broken down arches and its vestigial outer toes. It is essentially human; it serves its purpose more or less efficiently; but it is rarely beautiful and usually looks like a mutilated slab terminating in degenerate digits like external vermiform appendices.

Other bodily changes consequent upon the assumption of the erect standing posture include a flattening of the chest, a broadening of the shoulders, a slight shortening of the arms and a refinement of the hands for skilled manual movements—especially an elongation and perfected opposability of the thumbs. A great transformation was wrought in the face. The protruding snout, already regressive from the transfer of its major function to the hands in prehuman primates, continued to shrink back, particularly in the region of the teeth, as these dental elements became reduced in size because they were no longer

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needed for defense, for offense or for the tearing of tough food. All these duties were assumed by the hands and subsequently by the sharpened tools or weapons the hands created and manipulated. Partly as a result of dental shrinkage, the chin was left outthrust and the soft tip of the nose was protruded in degenerative exuberance. An esthetic ape would shudder at the human face, which proclaims itself a produce of regressive evolution and atrophy of function. But the most remarkable change of all was effected in a prodigious swelling of the brain and its skeletal envelope. The forehead, previously non-existent, swelled up into a bulbous arch; the whole vault of the skull rose like an inflated bladder, bulged laterally and protruded posteriorly into a bun-shaped occiput.

Man has taught himself that his great brain is the pride and glory of the human species and that it owes its size to his surpassing intelligence. This dogma may be true; we know that we have enormous brains and we admit that we have superior intelligence. Until recently it has been assumed that intelligence increases from the lower to the higher primates, more or less *pari passu* with relative and absolute increase in brain size and in conformity with a generally "higher" evolutionary status. Thus a New World monkey would be more intelligent than a lemur, an Old World monkey than a New World monkey, a gibbon than a baboon, et cetera. Unfortunately new experimental evidence has tended to upset this postulate so completely that S. Zuckerman, who is a careful critic, has stated that "the results of such experiments on primate behaviour as have been carried out up to the present offer little or no support to the *a priori* belief that apes are more intelligent than monkeys."[1] But, until it has been scientifically demonstrated that there is no difference in intelligence between man and the chimpanzee we shall doubtless continue to assert the intellectual supremacy of our own species and to relate it to our prodigious

[1] Zuckerman, S., *Functional Affinities of Man, Monkeys, and Apes*, p. 124; 1933.

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brains. Indeed, such a brilliant student of environmental factors in human evolution as Marett has made the adventurous suggestion that the size of the human brain is due rather to a pathological interval in our prehuman ancestry than to an increase through functional activity.[2] During the uplift of the Central Asiatic plateau in Miocene times there occurred, as previously mentioned, a deforestation of the uplands, which implies great desiccation. That desiccation may well have been accompanied by a deficiency in the iodine supply of the prehuman dietary. Now, iodine deficiency causes an enlargement of the thyroid gland and a sort of oedema or waterlogging of the tissues, in a physiological effort toward liquid economy. Marett thinks that the initial prehuman expansion of the brain case may have been due to such a pathological increase of cerebrospinal fluid. According to this conception we may owe our great head size to hydrocephaly, or water on the brain, rather than to cerebration.[2] With the correction of this goiterous condition and with the ebbing of the oedematous flood the prehuman brain expanded to fill the cranial interspace merely because nature abhors a vacuum. While I am not prepared to accept this theory without a great deal of confirmatory evidence which is as yet lacking, I think that its serious presentation by a competent scientist should warn us that facile assumptions of a causal relationship between the size of man's brain and the growth of his intelligence are no longer unquestioned. For a considerable number of years many of us who are students of man have been perplexed by the excess baggage of brains man carries—a mass altogether disproportionate to its apparent utility.

Be that as it may we have carried our prehuman ancestry down to the end of the Miocene period, perhaps seven millions of years ago, by which time it seems probable that a comparatively large-brained but still snouty and apelike humanoid had taken up his abode on the ground, had become more or less per-

[2] Marett, J. R. de la H., *Race, Sex, and Environment*, pp. 127-161, London, 1936.

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fectly adapted for upright posture and biped gait, had developed the free prehensile use of the emancipated fore-limbs and presumably was increasing in wisdom if not in stature.

During the Pliocene period, which lasted at least six million years and terminated with the onset of the glacial epoch, perhaps a million years B.C., it seems certain that our ancestors, who now deserved the name of man, flourished like the green bay tree. Unfortunately we have as yet no skeletal remains of human beings which can be attributed with certainty to this early period. We know, however, that before its close man had already begun to make stone implements, somewhat crude and amorphous but definitely recognizable as human artifacts. The elements of material culture had been formed. Social organization may well have existed. Anatomical evidence suggests that a number of different physical types of man were present, some more apelike than others but all essentially human, and that several of the types were possessed of such ability to dominate their physical environments as to ensure survival through the rigors of the ensuing glacial epoch.

The million-year Pleistocene or glacial period witnessed four advances of the ice sheets with three genial climatic intervals of varying duration in terms of scores of thousands of years. Throughout this whole period we have nearly continuous records of man's stone work in the gravel deposits laid down by rivers and in the inhabited caves. Flint-working evolved slowly to a pitch of skill which can be appreciated only if one attempts to produce similar tools from the same refractory material.

Geological deposits of the earlier and middle portions of the Pleistocene have yielded occasional skeletal remains of man, for the most part fragmentary, but enormously instructive. All these men seem to have been erect walkers, with feet fully adapted for support. Some had rather small brains, low foreheads, great bars of bone above the eye sockets, protrusive jaws and receding chins. Such anatomical reminders of ape ancestry did not prevent them from fabricating a great variety of stone tools, efficient and, in many cases, symmetrical to the point of

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beauty. Low brows did not preclude the clear development of family life around the hearth of cave habitations, or the reverent burial of the dead, with funeral gifts that suggest belief in a future life. At least one of these Early Pleistocene beings, the Piltdown Lady of England, had a noble forehead and a brain of modern size.

Before the end of the glacial period, perhaps 25,000 years ago, anatomically modern types of men were dwelling in the caves of Europe and were decorating the walls of their abodes with realistic polychrome frescoes of the animals they hunted. These men of the Old Stone Age also carved statuettes of their lady friends or their mother goddesses—rather frank representations of Rubensian females. They had invented a number of skillful devices used in fishing and hunting. They were almost civilized and altogether human.

After the final glacial retreat, perhaps not more than eight to ten thousand years ago, man began to domesticate animals, beginning with that useful companion of the hunt, *canis familiaris*. By 6000 B.C. it seems probable that agriculture had begun and sedentary life on an artificial basis of subsistence had laid the foundation for higher civilizations. The first metal, probably copper, began to be used at least as early as the fourth millennium before Christ and iron was smelted in the Near East about the 15th century before our era.

Man, in an essentially human form, may well have existed for nearly four million years before he became a farmer, and most of the paraphernalia of civilization are less than 8000 years old. But no conservative student of human evolution would be willing to assert that the anatomical data indicate any appreciable increase in brain size or any elevation of man's zoological status for the past 30,000 years. We have accumulated knowledge and gadgets yet it is doubtful that the quality of our minds has improved. On the other hand there is a certain amount of depressing evidence indicative of physical deterioration in modern man.

The savage lacked that noble tolerance of human failings and

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frailties which is the product of our loftiest social tradition. The weak perished and the anti-social were eliminated. Modern medical science has achieved, to a great extent, the succor of the one element, and a humanitarian belief in the efficacy of environmental reformation has perpetuated the other. Consequently these inferior segments of the population have been allowed to reproduce more and more of worse and worse of their kind. It is the duty of educated men and women to consider the cost and outcome of a social policy which assumes that all human organisms, however deteriorated and perverted, should be allowed to multiply and to replenish the earth, to decide whether educational effort and social measures can transmute base human metal into gold or into any non-toxic material. Man at his best is certainly the supreme product of organic evolution, or if you prefer, the "noblest work of God." At his worst, man is the most vicious animal in the world's history and the greatest menace to the existence of his kind.

This nation requires for its survival "a new birth of freedom"—freedom from the tradition that the welfare of the inferior individual and not the social good is paramount, from the obsession that a democracy which fosters criminals and increasingly recruits its electorates from the ranks of the feeble-minded and the diseased can produce an intelligent and beneficent political régime. A government of the unfit, by the unfit, and for the unfit must assuredly perish from the earth.

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Gordon Wordsworth

ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN

THE death of Gordon Wordsworth, the poet's last surviving grandchild, set up a train of recollection reaching into a past not remote in time but alien in feeling. It swung free from the shore of this present and lay islanded in the enchantment of a pre-war world. Even 17 years ago, in a beautiful April of the year 1920 when I first saw Mr. Wordsworth, the slow elegance of his days at The Stepping Stones in Ambleside did not seem so unusual as it does now. People were living that way then, a few blessed people, all over the world. But now not only this sort of life but the hope of it is gone.

His house was in a lovely corner of Westmoreland in what is unhappily called "the Lake District." It is anything but a district. That word implies a part set off from all others. The Lake Country of northwestern England is really not a part of anything but an independent land with its own boundaries, insisting on its own spiritual passports out and in. Through the casement windows of his long low house the sound of water flowing over stepping stones at the foot of the lawn gave that house its name. One end of the drawing room looked across several rods of rolling garden to the roof-tree of an Arnold. It was fitting that a Wordsworth and an Arnold should live in "roof-tree sight" of one another. Miss Frances Arnold, Matthew's youngest sister, then 87, told me so with gentle amusement when Mr. Wordsworth took me to call on her. Though the railroad is still twelve miles distant the highroads have become crowded and vulgarized by tourists, "going through" in pursuit of some destination which it is their torment never to find. But back of the main road the footpath runs under the

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summit of Fox Howe and leads by its private windings from Grasmere to The Stepping Stones.

Exactly what was it that was preserved here from the corrosion of change and modernity? I spent several days in the small inn in Grasmere that April and walked out to Mr. Wordsworth's every morning. Ostensibly my business was to go over the bundles of letters, tied with faded pink cotton tape, which Professor Henry Reed of Pennsylvania had written to Wordsworth. (These letters, touching upon important issues of the 30's and 40's, were admirably edited several years ago by Professor Broughton of Cornell University.) Casually, in the course of this main concern, I found a quality in the way in which life was ordered which was precious and for the most part is gone. It looked so definitely to the future as a continuation of the past; it rested so securely and happily and unselfconsciously upon a set of values which had been, was and presumably would always be. Not that Mr. Wordsworth entirely believed in this security. He didn't. The recent death of Mrs. Violet Fisher-Wordsworth at Rydal Mount and the sale by auction of the entire contents of the old house had turned his mind sharply toward transiency and change. On February 13, 1921 he wrote me: "I lead a happier life than anyone has any right to lead in the presence of so much disquiet and unrest." But when he took me upstairs to the high old secretary where John Carter's orderly arrangement of letters to the poet was still undisturbed, or picked bluebells for me out of the afternoon shadows lying on Dora's Field, or entered "Aunt Fan" Arnold's gleaming little drawing room and made his way over to the still gay old lady in her shepherd's plaid shawl, then I saw something rare and indestructible.

The fact that these two were close kin of two of the most famous figures in 19th-century literature had nothing to do with it. They had no nonsense about the "tradition." William Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold were, they would grant, famous. They did in a way belong to the public. But to these two, Wordsworth and Arnold were simply beloved partakers

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in a way of life which was its own justification, a life lived in a particular kind of country which they understood and felt. Mr. Wordsworth frequently quoted, especially in his letters, lines out of his grandfather's poems. He did this without the slightest selfconsciousness or display. He used them because they described accurately and truly the weather, the lights, the distances which he saw all around him. He wrote me:

I have spent a very quiet summer. It has been a cold sunless one, but the last week has made many amends and the country has been looking its best in radiant breathless sunlight, the hills all "clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern."

For a grandson of Wordsworth to handle the subject of daffodils might be perilous. But Mr. Wordsworth negotiated it lightly. He sent me fifty bulbs for planting, accompanied by

two photographs which will I hope give you pleasure. One is of THE daffodils beside the lake; the other of *my* daffodils in Dora's Field. . . . The authorities gave me two tips which they said would be useful in circumvention of the Customs. One was to send the daffies by letter and not by parcel post; the other to write "for educational purposes" on the photos. My very faint remonstrances of conscience were stilled by the confident certainty that sooner or later, directly or indirectly, the photographs will be "for educational purposes."

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach us more of man

you know!

Wordsworth's grandson could hardly have made lighter amends for generations of hackneyed quotation of these lines.

He was a yachtsman. Across the mantel in his library was a row of silver cups which he had won in races on Windermere. As his boat slipped across the line at the finish he may have recalled the "rocks and crags of old Winander" which long before, wild and innocent of gentlemen's sports, had made a beautiful and frightening background for the young Wordsworth's imagination. He gardened and knew the precise state of a bluebell or fritillary bulb without digging it up to see. He kept a garden calendar. One year the first daffodil bloomed on

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March 31st, "just in time to take the winds of March." He was one of the last of that long race in whose minds Horace's lines lay, ready to rise to the surface and clinch some appropriate moment within their polished confines. When I discovered this I sent him a concordance to Horace. I was delighted that one could still give to a private person a book whose usefulness is almost confined nowadays to the reference rooms of libraries and the shelves of classical scholars. He wrote in answer:

It will be a constant comfort when I am trying to recall the context of some of those wondrous snatches of wisdom and grace that are often welling up from the bottom of my memory.

He adds just the "polite" deprecation of his scholarship:

I am so glad I can find *esse* and *fui* and need not look for *sum*.

I lunched with him every day during my stay. The meal always ended with a "jam roll" which, to the American taste, is uncommonly like unbaked pie-crust generously spread with jam. Mr. Wordsworth never ate a "sweet." He assumed, however, that in a well-run world a youngish woman in good appetite would expect the appropriate ending to her luncheon. Each day I ate my slice valiantly. Through this not inconsiderable sacrifice I paid my respects to a world of standards and amenities, a world which proceeded on the basis that things were as they should be whether they really were or not.

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Fight the Good Fight?

A. J. MUSTE

DURING the last war I was a pacifist. I opposed participation by the United States and believed that disarmament and renunciation of war as a policy was the righteous and sound position for the nation to take; and that for the individual the righteous and sound course was absolute refusal to sanction or support war, even after the country had entered. I could not reconcile participation in war with fidelity to the teachings and spirit of Jesus which I had been preaching from a Christian pulpit and which seemed to me to constitute a moral imperative which one disregarded or disobeyed at the risk of inner disintegration. On the other hand my pacifism was based on practical, so-called common-sense grounds: nobody was able to convince me that the war would accomplish the results which were so confidently promised and predicted, such as the extension of democracy, a world made safe for democracy, a world fit for heroes to live in, an end of war itself; nor could I believe that the entry of the United States would shorten the war or secure a more democratic or progressive peace. So far as concerns the practical outcome of the war it was like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack to find anyone who agreed with such a forecast in 1914-18. It is like looking for the same needle in the haystack now to find anyone who will disagree—so far as the last war is concerned. Under the circumstances it is indeed disquieting to find that precisely our liberals, socially-minded idealists and radicals are today in large numbers tricked into romantic and wishful thinking and arguing that just one more war "to stop the mad fascist dogs," a war of the peace-loving and democratic countries against the aggressive, fascist nations, may be unavoidable and justifiable and may serve to protect democracy and usher in a less war-like

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and more just social order—that another war fought with much more deadly weapons, more intense bitterness and more complete regimentation than the last will by some magic produce all the goods which the World War so obviously and utterly failed to produce. One would have thought it would require more than the substitution of the word "dog" for "Hun," "Fuehrer" or "Duce" for "Kaiser" and "fascism" for "autocracy" to give currency and plausibility to such an amazing piece of reasoning as this.

The formula of a war between the democratic and the fascist countries or forces is based upon a fallacy as to how fascism was able to fasten itself upon certain European countries. The last war, like every war, was followed by a so-called peace. The peace of Versailles, as few will now care to dispute, was a peace of treason and revenge. It sought to impose permanent economic and political servitude on the peoples of Germany and other countries. France financed and armed dictatorships in Poland and some of the Balkan states long before fascism was able to come to power in Germany. For a decade the victor powers made not even a gesture in the direction of carrying out the pledges about disarmament. Then came the Disarmament Conference of which Brailsford has correctly and trenchantly observed: "Germany was not the only—nor even the chief—wrecker. The wrecking was a cooperative enterprise in which the League powers demonstrated to admiration their capacity for team-work." Let those who hold that fascism may be stopped or undermined by economic pressure and by armament and war remember that precisely when it became clear there was to be no relief from economic pressure and that nothing was going to be done about disarmament it became possible for Hitler to come to power. More of the same thing will not solve any problems. Only honest dealing with basic difficulties of access to raw materials on fair terms, of tariffs and currencies will do that.

The formula of war between democratic and fascist countries is based upon a fallacy as to the present line-up. Who are

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the genuinely peace-loving and democratic countries on whose behalf we are to enlist in another crusade, assuring ourselves that by the slaughter of millions and the destruction of untold material equipment and wealth, democracy and civilization will be saved from ravishment? The United States, France, Great Britain?—all of them nations advantaged by the imperialist status quo, a status quo which they achieved by a series of wars including the last one, a situation in which they have refused to make any basic re-adjustment and which they are feverishly arming to defend and maintain, if necessary by another war. France presumably bases her policy on Collective Security and the League of Nations but sabotages the League in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute and does not hesitate to put the British navy in a hole in the Mediterranean during that dispute. The resulting shift in the balance of forces in that sea has not a little to do with the predicament in which the Loyalist forces in Spain have found themselves in recent months. Great Britain in turn makes a naval treaty with Hitler behind France's back and is willing to make other deals with Hitler provided he does not make the mistake of asking for British colonies. Or have Great Britain and France and even the Soviet Union conclusively demonstrated in the Spanish situation that the dominant objectives of their policy are democracy and peace?

In the last war Czarist Russia, the most backward and autocratic of the great Powers, was in the van of the defenders of democracy. In the coming war the Polish and some of the Balkan dictatorships will be in the vanguard of the crusade against dictatorship. And can anyone predict with assurance where Mussolini will line up in this next war? Note and ponder the fantastic fact that Germany and Italy are doing a flourishing business with the Soviet Union today! Imports into Russia from Germany since January 1936 are fourteen times greater in value than for the same period in 1935 and German imports from Russia have doubled. Well may Ludwig Lore, the commentator on foreign affairs of the *New York Post*, exclaim: "It is difficult to solve this riddle. Germany is trying hard to or-

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ganize an anti-Communist bloc, obviously, with one end in view: to wage war against her best customer. Russia, on the other hand, is spending many hundreds of millions for unproductive armaments—gigantic sums which she could use to so much better advantage—but which she must spend to protect herself against the country providing her with goods."

The immediate and inevitable result of accepting the idea that another war may be "necessary" and of tolerating or supporting an armament policy, which is of course involved in accepting the possibility of war, is a strengthening of the reactionary forces in the democratic countries. When the British Labor Party shifted to support of the government's rearmament policy the Tory Party was strengthened and within that party new life came to the ultra-Tory Winston Churchill-Duff-Cooper wing. The B.L.P. then suffered defeat in the municipal elections. The reactionaries are psychologically strengthened when, however reluctantly, a rearmament policy is adopted because they are in a position to say to workers, liberals, radicals, pacifists: "We told you so. We have to arm to safeguard the things we value. Only you fools have slowed up the process, so now we must work feverishly to catch up." Secondly, a rearmament policy involves making mobilization plans like the American Industrial Mobilization scheme. Next we begin taking some actual steps toward mobilization, which encourages regimentation and the trend to fascism. Can anyone deny that these trends exist in the democratic countries, including the United States, and that those who think in terms of another war to save democracy are, in France and Great Britain today, and will be in the United States tomorrow if not so obviously today, utterly impotent to offer resistance to the development of the most colossal armament race in all history?

Liberals, progressives and radicals used to be the first to point out that an armament program is not a means of defense but becomes an independent factor making for insecurity and war. A gun that appears as a defensive weapon to the nation behind it has an offensive aspect to the nation at which it is pointed.

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What nations do when they are honestly concerned only about "defense of the national soil" is illustrated on the unfortified border between the United States and Canada. There is, the military experts will tell us frankly, no dependable defense against an air raid: the only thing you can do is to go and bomb the equally defenseless women and children of the so-called enemy. And, in view of the record, just what did we succeed in "defending" during the last war—human life, women and children, property, social progress, democracy, civil liberties? They were all numbered among the casualties.

A new armament race for the sake of democracy will have the same and other reactionary results. The money spent on armaments will be taken away from housing, education, recreation and the pay-envelopes of the workers. The national economy will be increasingly geared to a war program and consequently the masses of farmers, workers and professionals will presently again appear to have no alternative but war or the sufferings of a major depression. It is not necessary to underscore the moral that a fertile soil for nationalist propaganda and war lies is thus provided. When war at last breaks out, as it must if present trends continue, the first thing to happen in every democratic country will be the establishment of an iron dictatorship, for without regimentation to the highest degree it is impossible to carry on a modern war. Thus by transforming the struggle against war and fascism into a struggle for war against fascists and fascist countries we shall get both war and fascism.

Radicals and progressives who are being jockeyed into this unfortunate position have given far too little consideration to the positive contribution which a thorough-going war-resister position by the masses would make, under modern conditions, to the struggle for social justice. Military forces and war equipment are in each nation used in the first instance not against foreign enemies but, whether directly in strikes or as a standing threat, against labor and against all progressive and radical movements. These forces constitute a psychological and material bulwark for the exploiting and reactionary interests in

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their internal relations. In retaining this hold upon labor and other elements, exploiting interests are now helped by liberals and radicals who accept the idea of another war to defend democracy and also thus confuse and hinder the struggle for social justice. For there are obviously very definite limits to the opposition you can furnish to certain interests when you happen to be equally involved with them in putting across a big armament program. The case of the Soviet Union, giving its blessing and support to the armament program of France, not only now under the Blum régime but at an earlier period under Laval, who can only be regarded as a forerunner of fascism in France, is arresting—and should be instructive.

Suppose the labor movement were to become genuinely pacifist, i.e. refused to cooperate in war or war preparations, to make battleships, to man armies, etc. Suppose that capitalism could therefore not find an outlet, a temporary escape from its contradictions, in war. Suppose the dominant imperialist powers were thus deprived of the means to defend the imperialist status quo, their exclusive access to raw materials, etc. The possibility of relief from economic pressure would thus open up to fascist countries—the one means to compel dictators to change their course or to make their position untenable. It is simply inconceivable to me that reactionary capitalism could maintain its hold under such circumstances. As a matter of fact no single thing would help labor and all progressive and radical movements so much in the achievement of desirable social changes, or would remove such an obstacle from the path of all social progress, as to have the rulers of capitalist states discover that they could no longer depend on the masses to support their war-machines and their wars.

It will be argued that to get labor to commit itself to a complete divorce from war is not practical. But labor is not "naturally" revolutionary or Marxist either. A conscious and devoted minority has to do a vast and delicate job of education in the course of the daily struggle, interpret its meaning and goal to the masses. If as much intelligence, faith, enthusiasm

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and self-sacrifice were put into an educational effort to divorce labor from the war-system and war-preparations, to make it in this sense pacifist, is it so certain that the effort would fail? There is no guarantee in advance that the effort at education along orthodox Marxist-Leninist lines will avail. In any event, to fail to attempt such a divorce is to adopt a fatalistic attitude toward wars under capitalism, to fall in, however reluctantly, with the prevailing psychology that war is the only solution for social issues, to this extent to make war more rather than less certain—and then to hope that the masses after a period of slaughtering each other with weapons they themselves made will turn these weapons against the exploiters, set up a workers' régime and so enter into heaven.

We have to be romanticists, sentimentalists, capable of flying in the face of all the evidence, to believe that another general war, or series of wars, under modern conditions and with modern weapons will thus prove the gateway to socialism or anything of the kind. Ten or even five years ago a chorus might at this point have exclaimed: "But we got the Russian revolution and the Soviet Union out of the last war" and would have held that this disposed of all objections. For many of the members of that chorus the Soviet Union has now also become a cause for doubt and fear, or at any rate a problem, rather than a blessed and infallible anchor of hope. Assuming the most favorable possible interpretation of the post-war developments and the present situation in Russia it still cannot be denied that what we have there at present is a totalitarian régime, that it is still problematical what else mankind and the proletariat have gotten out of these developments, that the whole position is now exceedingly insecure and that according to the warmest friends and defenders of the U.S.S.R. another war may wipe out all that has been gained. Surely there is here no encouragement for risking another war in which, it is suggested by those who deal in statistics, a hundred million or more lives may be wiped out and the four hundred billion dollars of material losses from the last war multiplied by five or so.

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Two or three points trouble those especially who are impressed by moral and religious considerations. There is a fear that if war resistance becomes common in some country, in particular one which prefers for the time being to maintain the status quo, it is a source of military weakness and makes that country more likely to be attacked. But any nation which actually abandons a rearmament policy can only mean that it is prepared to participate in effecting basic economic adjustments and that is the one sure way to peace today. Second, the alternative, as we have demonstrated, is another general war and that will be unmitigated hell. The third answer Bertrand Russell has given in his recent book *Which Way to Peace?*: "All such arguments rest upon the naive assumption that the whole responsibility for a war is on one side. In fact, wars occur when what are considered vital interests are at stake, and each side thinks it can win. Whatever weakens one side diminishes its will to war as much as it increases that on the other side; on the balance, therefore, it has no more tendency towards war than towards peace." Another question is: What of a war against a nation declared guilty of aggression by an impartial international tribunal? The answer is again three-fold. First, there is no such tribunal today. The League of Nations was from the outset hog-tied by the Treaty of Versailles and the domination of Great Britain and France bent upon the enforcement of that treaty. Second, there will be no such tribunal carrying real moral weight unless economic issues are faced and a beginning made with their adjustment. As Brailsford conclusively puts it: "Not all the tanks and bombers in creation would avail to keep the peace—no, not if Geneva controlled them all—while the economic anarchy which has cursed mankind through these sixteen years continues to prevail." Third, in the meantime we are faced with the problem of preventing war—and with no means for solving it except those set forth—basic economic adjustments and mass-refusal to be drawn into another war.

"But if the democratic powers had put their foot down early

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enough would that not have brought Hitler and Mussolini to their senses?" If the powers had been genuinely peace-loving, democratic and disinterested they might have done *something* in concert. But they were not and did not. Second, if the proposal is to put the economic screws on and if need be military pressure, then that is precisely the policy applied to defeated, disarmed Germany in the post-war period and its futility seems to have been so conclusively demonstrated that it is disheartening to find idealists, liberals and radicals playing with the idea now. Third, under all such arguments rests the childish assumption that it might be possible in our day and in our world to have a nice, short, snappy war, or maybe a half dozen of them, and thus achieve peace and social justice. Can pacifists be blamed if they are annoyed when people capable of entertaining—unconsciously—such assumptions urge them to be "realists"?

Concerning the relation between religious and practical considerations, and war, so great a social idealist and so brilliant a religious thinker as Reinhold Niebuhr seems to me at this point to get himself into an ambiguous position and to run the risk of falling into the company of those liberals and radicals who are likely today to constitute "the war party" in the United States rather than leaders in the movement against war. An argument used by Professor Niebuhr in the Spring 1936 AMERICAN SCHOLAR and elsewhere runs, in effect, as follows: The position of Jesus allows for no distinction between violent and non-violent forms of resistance. His is a perfectionist ethic of complete non-resistance, a "millennial and anarchistic ideal of a completely uncoerced and voluntary social peace and cooperation." But such an ethics will not work in our present world where it is "impossible to draw a sharp line between violence and non-violence" and where any form of coercion "may result in the destruction of both life and property." To him it appears that "the unvarying consequence of moral absolutism in politics" is an aggravation of the evils it abhors. Thus in the name of presumably higher, more realistic and effective ethics and religion, allowance must be made for

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coercion and violence, including under some circumstances war, as in the form of military "sanctions" applied by League powers. It is out of the question in a paragraph or two to make even an approach to an adequate treatment of the real and difficult issues thus raised. Two comments, however, may suffice. As a teacher of Christian ethics and religion the real question—one of life and death for millions of human beings and, I think, for the Christian churches—which Professor Niebuhr must answer is this: Are the deeds men and nations must do, the attitudes toward their "enemies" which they must assume, not in some hypothetical situation but in war carried on under modern conditions and with modern weapons, compatible with the spirit of the Christian religion and the ethical teachings of Jesus? If so, then in the Christian teachings any reference, however broadly interpreted, to a God who is Love or to an ethic based on the command to love thy neighbor as thyself ceases to make sense. Assuming for the sake of argument that moral absolutes are to be avoided, nevertheless an instrument, if it is to be used by a man who recognizes moral imperatives, must be in some degree governable, subject to some control by him who uses it, and it must be possible to predict with some confidence that the results of its use will serve a desirable end. War today is not such an instrument. If the answer to our question then is No, it is a matter of grave urgency that that answer be spoken clearly.

As a participant in the movement for social justice Professor Niebuhr must answer the question from the other end, viz.: Does a realistic attempt to estimate the consequences of actions so far as they can be foreseen give us any ground for believing that a war under modern conditions will extend or help to preserve democracy or peace or social justice? To us Bertrand Russell's argument, in the book already referred to, for mass refusal to participate in the proposed war between fascist and democratic countries, or any other war likely to occur in our day, seems irrefutable:

The view that the situation is hopeless, and that Western civilization

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is inexorably doomed to self-destruction, is one which I cannot accept. On the contrary, I believe that if the friends of peace in Great Britain and America act boldly, energetically and quickly they may save their own country from the great disaster; and that the same is true of every other country where there is still a measure of personal liberty. But I do not think that this result can now be achieved by the ordinary traditional methods of politics; for that the time is gone by. What is needed now is action by individuals, in unison, inspired by reason and passion intimately combined. The defence of what we value may be difficult, it may have become in part impossible, but in so far as it is possible it is possible only through peace. Of the things that make life tolerable to a lover of peace, none are likely to survive on either side in a great war between technically efficient States. A brutalised and much diminished population, mad with hunger and fear, and kept from anarchy only by a military tyranny more extreme than any yet known; the disappearance of the arts and sciences, except as a subsidiary to war; the extinction of affection and trust and all voluntary cooperation; the sudden descent into an ancient world of superstition and terror—these are the effects to be expected, on the victorious side as on that of the vanquished.

Sonnet

JAMES PLAYSTED WOOD

I might have been a hawk's scream, harsh and slow,
The plaint that's in the whip-poor-will's still cry,
Six turning flakes of this down-drifting snow
Or neat track of a fox gone stealthy by
The hill field's rim. I might have been the rain,
March rain and cold or April rain and sweet,
Or scent of hay in June or faster stain
Across the light of speed to make it fleet.
Why on this earth? As well I might have been
Far darkness in the starry vast of space,
But I am quick and man, all these have seen.
I am them all and love for this my place.
Berkshire is mine while atoms, planets, dance
And tremble round the cynic laws of chance.

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The Scholar and the Specialist

JAMES R. ANGELL

AFTER the flowering of the renaissance the scholar as the erudite person was commonly thought of as also a specialist. He specialized in learning, a learning at first largely confined to the Greek and Roman classics. Moreover, to our own day the term scholar is more naturally and frequently applied to one proficient in the humanities, especially the more ancient humanities than to one who is concerned with science. In our generation, however, a cleavage has occurred whereby the term specialist is applied to one who possesses qualities often quite alien to the scholar conceived in any appropriate sense of that term.

One remembers the familiar observation, attributed to Darwin, that after years devoted to biological studies he found his earlier appreciation of poetry had unwittingly disappeared. William Graham Sumner in middle life made a corresponding comment upon his religious faith—one which had special point in that he had been a clergyman. Almost all of us who have for years energetically pursued a specialty must have had similar experiences, which are often much more than the mere change of taste which comes with increasing age. For myself I must most certainly cry "peccavi," for during the quarter of a century and more in which I gave my best endeavors to psychology I found the periphery of my intellectual world drawing steadily inward. I became increasingly a more thorough master of the range of knowledge directly centered in my subject, but partly because I had neither time nor strength to go afield and partly

A condensation of an address delivered under the auspices of the Phi Beta Kappa at the winter 1936 meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; one of an annual series made in the interests of clarifying the interrelationships between the sciences and the broader humanities.

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because my interest waned I found myself in constant danger of obvious intellectual insularity and much tempted to look down my nose at the labors of scholars in fields somewhat remote from my own, especially such as seemed to me devoid of genuine significance for the common life. This temptation to pass deprecatory value judgments on alien fields of thought and action constitutes one of the most insidious threats to the specialist's balance of mind.

And yet it is only by such intensive and devoted concentration upon special problems that substantial progress can be made in our mastery of our world. Moreover the procedure which we have erected into a technique is nothing but the natural and inevitable process of the mind itself in dealing with the simplest situation when this process is magnified into a system. Concentration of attention on some special part of the field presented to the mind for consideration (whether for immediate practical purposes or for reflection), discrimination of one element from another, such is the native manner in which intelligence acts. No indictment can be brought against the specialist on the ground that his procedure is inevitably ineffective or that he is distorting a natural mental ability. What can often be urged is that just as an undue length and intensity of concentration may cause one to be insensitive to coexistent circumstances and stimuli which may have value and significance for us, so excessive intellectual specialization may render us oblivious to the broader ranges of implication in our subject, make us opaque to important insights, causing us to miss fruitful leads, and above all may breed in us a form of intellectual intolerance and a type of mental parochialism utterly disastrous for our highest usefulness, our most genuine success and even our most enduring satisfaction.

Our contemporary Western civilization is conspicuously dominated by influences which emanate from science and technology, and here it is that extreme specialization would seem to have won its most brilliant victories. However it may fare with our spiritual and ethical attitudes, however it may stand

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with our literary and esthetic tastes and even with our political ideals, the fabric of our daily life is shot through with the strands of applied science, most of which ultimately trace their lineage to the discoveries of some disinterested scientist oblivious to any possible practical consequences of his work. We call ours a machine age, and justly—if we use the term machine in its most generous sense. Machines practically annihilate space for us. Not only may we communicate instantly with persons on the opposite side of the globe; we may, if we will, be transported to them in a few days—and presently perhaps in a few hours. Terrestrial space has within recent years shrunk for practical purposes to almost negligible dimensions. Similarly our foods are brought to us by machines from the ends of the earth and are, by various mechanical and chemical devices, preserved in all their freshness. It is needless to elaborate the familiar tale. There is practically nothing in raiment, food, shelter and unhappily the wholesale destruction of life which the machine has not put within our easy reach.

Now this has come to pass in consequence of the most intense specialization. In industry the process is represented by the skilled man who makes exactly the same limited group of movements thousands of times hour after hour as the article in process of fabrication passes before him on the line. On the higher levels it is represented by the man who gives the entire energy of his well-trained brain to solving just one set of problems. This is the formula which has produced much of our best technological achievement. It is not to be wondered at that such specialization appeals to our age as one of the most invaluable elements in the promotion of progress. On a still higher level in our universities and in our research laboratories—yes, in our libraries where scholarly investigation is being fostered—the same extreme emphasis on specialization may be found. And if we consider medicine, the specialist is the man to whom the difficult cases are referred, the man who commands exorbitant fees, the man whose career dazzles the young medical student and fills his imagination with desire and resolution to emulate

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him at the earliest possible moment. As in so many other excellent things the danger here resides not in the fact or quality itself but in an exaggeration, an excess which is ultimately destructive of the very ends actually sought.

To be sure the converse danger is no less sinister and is doubtless much more common. The individual who diffuses his interest and attention over an impossibly wide area becomes easily the hopelessly superficial dilettante. He is an example of the celebrated individual who learned less and less about more and more until finally he knew nothing about everything. The real danger in this zone is a little different, for the natural limitations of intelligence prevent such an extreme as the saw just quoted records. What we are more apt to encounter is the person of sloppy intellectual habits who messes around in an ill-defined field and never becomes really master of any portion of it. It is a type of mind reflected in a great deal of the writing in popular magazines and newspapers—plausible, showy, superficial and meretricious, completely lacking in fundamental depth of achievement and consequently devoid of essential integrity of judgment. It belongs to the great multitude of specious and shabby things which will probably always beset us. It is characteristic for the most part of minds intrinsically inferior for which there is nothing much to be done save hope that their influence may be duly circumscribed.

If one be a specialist of any kind there is something to be said for taking out a sort of intellectual life insurance. This should prove especially valuable after one has passed the period of student apprenticeship. It would consist in the agreement with oneself to pay over year by year certain hours of the week or month for increasing the range of one's knowledge and taste outside the confines of one's own sphere of action. This may sound merely like the stereotyped advice to cultivate a profitable hobby but it is really a much broader proposal and there is in my judgment no question at all regarding the rich dividends such a course would pay. It would assuredly do much to prevent the inevitable ravages upon the plasticity of one's mental pow-

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ers incident to a narrow and too often self-complacent specialization.

When one makes a proposal of this kind, intending to be taken seriously, one implies that the man of science should as a matter of course resolutely seek to enlarge his knowledge of the sciences other than his own, and especially those most germane, but particularly should he concern himself to keep spiritual contact with literature and history and what have come to be called the social sciences in order that his horizon may be ever expanding and that his own specialty may consistently benefit by the larger and more vital setting which such a procedure will ensure. The humanist on the other hand should under such a program seek to make himself reasonably at home in the realm of scientific facts and ideas and not less in the territory of philosophy. The application of the principle is too obvious to require any elaboration.

It will certainly be objected, and with much force, that the program proposed if taken in any but a frivolous and Pickwickian sense is impossible, for the area of modern knowledge is so vast that a mere speaking acquaintance with any considerable portion of it is impracticable for even the most powerful intellect. I grant the relevancy of the objection and admit that to keep fully abreast of any one of the more active sciences—to take but this single illustration—is a task to tax the ablest mind, let alone any excursions into other fields. We have forever passed out of the learned world in which it was in the last century written of Benjamin Jowett:

> I am the Master of Balliol College
> What I know not is not knowledge.

But I still maintain and with no diminished conviction that a steady determination to enrich one's mind systematically beyond the conventional boundaries of one's own profession or specialty is an extremely wholesome principle.

I am disposed to believe that it is perhaps commoner to find this kind of intellectual cosmopolitanism in great lawyers and

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great physicians than it is in great scientists or even in great men of letters though such a statement is hazardous to defend and essentially incapable of conclusive proof. The man of letters often obtains a specious reputation for breadth of learning because the field in which he is competent is likely to be relatively intelligible to all educated folk and the sweep of his intellectual attainment is therefore measurably appreciable by them. Nevertheless if the world of science is largely closed to him then I do not think we can accord him that unequivocal recognition for catholicity of learning which he has frequently enjoyed. I recall two very eminent scholars in the field of letters whose ignorance of the most elementary facts of natural science was always a source of amazement to their informed friends. Now I am not prepared to say that a man cannot be a good citizen if he be without a vestige of knowledge concerning, let us say, physiology or devoid of the most rudimentary information about electricity; but I feel clear that such a man's outlook on literature itself must be exposed to wide areas of intellectual provincialism. After all, literature is in the large a reflection of life and in recent epochs at least science has deeply colored that life, not only in its external habits but also in the deeper regions of thought and belief. These men were specialists and properly counted as learned scholars, for they labored in fields where the title scholar is indigenous; yet I cannot think them really well educated or even fully cultivated in any proper modern sense of that term.

Let me turn to another group of related problems with which I have a more direct personal concern. Those of us whose occupations lie along the highroads of education are occasionally aware of the difficulties confronted by advanced schools which undertake to train men in the techniques and niceties of exact scholarship. Incessantly they must strive to prevent the production of a learned pedantry on the one hand and a narrow and often sterile specialization on the other. I shall limit myself to one set of problems, a case of pernicious specialization, if you will, and I choose for my example the problem set our gradu-

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ate schools in the training of men for scholarly careers. Let us forget the educationally unique, possibly anomalous, character of this institution, begotten by the German university out of the American edition of the English college. Paraphrasing Portia we may say: "God made it, therefore let it pass." Whatever its shortcomings it has rendered us invaluable service and its usefulness is far from being at an end. While it has been traditionally much engaged with those who seek Master's degrees, and often to its own confounding, its major responsibility has been in the production of scholars who might in time appropriately be crowned with the doctorate. To reach this end it has demanded three or four years of work subsequent to the baccalaureate degree, devoted to the study of a special subject, generally (until recently) with a minor or two as an accessory obligation but with a dissertation embodying the result of original research as the climax of the whole transaction. A final examination to be sure always looms in the mind of the candidate as the most terrifying ordeal. A large proportion of the persons who attempt this achievement wish to enter academic life and ultimately succeed in so doing. Others, especially those working in the sciences, frequently find occupation in the employ of some industry or of the government. For both groups the evidence that they are competent in specific and often restricted fields is normally indispensable. Now what are the difficulties confronted by the schools in dealing with this situation, apart from the obvious difficulty of training the specialist as a specialist?

In the first place the candidate may come in with a pathetically small knowledge of the field he wishes to cultivate. He must therefore start practically at the bottom and spend a year or two covering ground he might well have traversed in college. Again a depressingly large proportion can neither speak nor write the English language correctly. It is not simply the poor voice and the smothered enunciation, so fatal, if uncorrected, in one who proposes to teach. There is also at times something akin to sheer illiteracy evinced in too frequent mispronunciation

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and distressing uncertainty about the nominative and the accusative case with the verb to be. Even the student who turns up with a reasonably good grade in his English composition in college may, and often does, disclose distressing inability to write lucidly and cogently about a scientific subject. The English offered in doctorate theses, especially in the sciences, is something to make angels weep—at least literary angels.

Put in the most abrupt form the great defect of not a few who present themselves at the doors of our graduate schools is that they have little or no real culture, their minds are crude and their taste is Philistine. So true is this that several of our graduate schools are trying to devise tests which will with reasonable certainty disclose the status of the candidates in this respect and before they are accepted for entrance.

The impatient critic offended by this insistence on qualities which the student may never have had opportunity to acquire may insist that by such a process we are risking the elimination of the very gifted and brilliant individual. This would be true if such tests as are proposed were made the sole criterion upon which the acceptance of the candidate was based. Needless to say whenever the really brilliant student is discerned in the offing the graduate school may well give thanks and take him to its bosom, cultured or uncultured. But the rank and file are not thus and it must be remembered as an obstinate fact that a large proportion of these young people are desirous of finding a career as teachers and scholars in colleges and universities. For that career too serious a lack in general cultivation may prove an almost insuperable handicap and one which the graduate school can hardly hope to offset by the training it affords in the limited time available. While it must therefore balance sheer promise for distinction as a specialist against defects in general cultivation, it surely does well to seek means for determining in advance the nature of the human material it accepts and not solely on the ground of potential promise in one field.

The group of doctors of philosophy who have gone out into industry and into government service—no small part of the

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product of our graduate schools—may have fallen short in other particulars (lack of independent initiative and true research temperament is perhaps the most frequent criticism) but they have generally escaped restrictions, such as those just cited, imposed upon certain of their colleagues who have entered academic life. Presumably this is attributable to the fact that a general culture, and especially the power to teach, is less relevant in these forms of professional life. But no one who has watched the career of young scientists in positions of these types can doubt that the possession of a well-rounded intellectual culture is an invaluable asset, not only in the atmosphere which it casts about the intensive work in the laboratory, but also in the larger social contacts which sooner or later open up to every scientist of genuine ability and power.

So far as my tale has a moral, it has been obvious in the telling. From the point of view of the specialist as a man, I think it can be given almost the certainty of a mathematical demonstration that he will be a more effective person intellectually and a happier person in his own inner life if he possess a sound general culture which will serve to enrich and enlarge his outlook and his capacities, both of apprehension and of appreciation. I think he is reasonably certain to be a more fruitful person in his scholarly and creative work. From the point of view of society not only is a well cultivated mind likely to be more ingenious and more effectively directed as an engine of discovery and constructive creation; it is also more likely to keep fresh and vigorous, less apt to break down or become stale and sterile. From both points of view, therefore, I think our educational institutions and all who profit from their activities must be concerned to discover and determine a wholesome balance between the processes of concentrated specialization and those of general training in breadth of knowledge and taste, that the individual may reach his highest development in the most fruitful service to the social order.

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Music Takes a Screen Test

GEORGE ANTHEIL

I EMPHATICALLY believe that we composers can permit ourselves today to write better music for the motion pictures and I am quite certain that this coming year will see the creation of a new musical art form, the motion picture serious "musical." I believe it is ridiculous to contend—as many serious composers do—that good music will never be written for the pictures. This untrue and antiquated saw grows directly out of that ancient stage fairy-tale which dictates that décor and background effects must ever be flat and subdued in order not to detract from the actor and his drama. Ergo they must believe that good music will never be written into the movies because good music would then undoubtedly "take away" from the flawless and priceless direction of our motion-picture directors or from those roseate camera effects playing gently upon the bleached blonde hair of pretty Miss Violet Desertflower. As a matter of fact Hollywood directors in general still believe that music when too good detracts from their immortal pictures. Almost the worst thing that can be said of oneself today in Hollywood is that one composes background music which is *too* interesting.

There are, of course, two sides to every question. Perhaps our famous composer in Hollywood has not composed his score well enough. Possibly he has so composed his music that it will protrude unduly when soundtracked to its film. Our composer may like this very well since it will undoubtedly call the world's attention to music which otherwise might pass unnoticed.

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Nevertheless it is equally as certain that it will make his music inappropriate to Hollywood.

It seems senseless to write important-sounding and virtuoso music behind a picture-sequence which might demand only a slight and whimsical "business-music." And for those who spoof at the light and whimsical let me point out that slight but nevertheless lovely music comprises just nine-tenths of *Rosencavalier* and it is "great" music withal. And what about Mozart's operas? We were perhaps unfortunate in the past in Hollywood in obtaining too many "symphonic" composers instead of those "operatic" composers who know the stage and its dramatic musics and its vast possibilities. Time and time again we have seen prominent symphonic composers coming here; invariably they have insisted upon writing what we may call "important" music or music of a symphonic nature; they insist on writing this music throughout their score and very often indeed they are subjected to the heart-breaking experience of having the director of their picture not like it when eventually he hears it in his finished sound track. Therefore when he orders all or most of this music thrown out of the picture "because it detracts from the drama of my great picture" these composers go back to Berlin, New York, Vienna and proceed to write articles and spread propaganda about the utter hopelessness of the music-film situation. We must nowadays consider the motion picture form as an art form complete unto itself and demanding an entirely new point of view. We must also realize that it has been fundamentally the composer who has been at fault in regard to cinema music, first of all because he has rather turned up his nose at its possibilities; or if he has attempted to write cinema music at all he has written the wrong kind. In any case we can hardly expect the unmusical Hollywood director to have known exactly what was the matter.

Composers must realize that there are new problems of film-mood, film-timing, musical characterization of the film's story characters and a hundred and one other things totally new and unknown to either symphony or opera. The great public

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at large is a peculiar animal. Once having gone forward it can never, apparently, go backwards. The film publics of the world have accustomed themselves to better photography and for the movie public of 1937 the cinema-photography of 1926 or even 1931 no longer seems adequate even though it was once considered excellently photographed. Great publics are quick to notice the difference between the indifferent old and the excellent new; they will have none of the former. The very same principle can be applied to film music. The old methods of scoring pictures—the orchestral underlining of every unimportant visual gesture to the destruction of the musical mood as a whole, the old war-horse music, the sure-fire and the clap-trap —are all as certainly doomed as the methods of silent films.

World music has been and is in a bad way. It has just undergone a tremendous period of experimentation. This experimentation period is now past but it has succeeded in widely separating the composers of the earth from the publics. We have been during the past thirty years all too busy with industry and war. Emotionally and practically music no longer has the warmth of a common language and the new music fabricated in the closed-in laboratories of snobbism is no longer a part of human need. World composers must reunite music and the public. Today, with a world war not impossibly imminent, composers find it increasingly difficult to concentrate upon ten minutes of string quartet music. In any case only 400 people will hear such music and it will be understood by only ten. Present-day composers are coming to realize that their own individual emotions, ambitions, and musical complexes are unimportant before the sweep of music that gradually through the dance, theater, and cinema is undergoing an exciting and tremendous simplification—a simplification a thousand times more exciting than the once pseudo-simplification of the nevertheless immortal Satie.

I believe that the task of reuniting music and the public is most easily accomplished through an "eye-medium" such as the modern motion picture. Take the case of a woman who was very conservative in her musical likes and dislikes and hated

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Berg's *Wozzeck* music—that is, when she heard it in the concert version. According to her it was cacophonous and ugly. A year later she saw the opera presented as an opera rather than a concert piece and loved it. Eyes had helped her make the music a part of her emotional experience and a part of her musical language. On the contrary when something as un-eye as radio comes along we find ourselves listening to Schonberg without even hearing him. This vicious phenomena comes of the sheerly nervous habit of allowing one's radio to be turned on all day. It becomes increasingly clear that symphonic music, for the present, is dead. At least it no longer speaks to the masses, not even with the help of that supernatural invention, the radio. We tend to listen to the radio only when we hear someone speaking over it, to find it vital and interesting only when it presents ideas or word-pictures. The solution to "world music" is, in my opinion, to be found only through the movies.

The question originally in my mind was "can better music be written for the movies?" It can: because world publics are demanding it and because the movies are the only great world outlet for really good music. Symphonic, operatic, gramaphone, and even radio publics are either too small, too snobbish, or too backwards to re-enliven or rescue music. This is because they are the decadent and disappearing publics.

The crux of the matter is this: If new music doesn't speak to anyone it doesn't exist. But how are we to write better cinema music?

In the first place one must consider the actual methods that composers-of-the-films are compelled to adopt to write music for present-day production. The composer reads the script first and marks it carefully as he goes along. This part of the scenario will call for music—that for silence. When the musical sections have been sifted from the silent they will be reinspected, reread, redigested. Then comes a question—"What kind of music to write here, what kind to write there? Shall I 'underline' this special action with musical underscoring, such as an upward run for an ascending gesture, or shall I use a

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pizzicato note to top off a neat little quirk of the hero; or again shall I play against the photographic action with mood-music? If the situation is comic shall I attempt to underscore each of the hero's drunken steps as he staggers uncertainly into the night? Perhaps our drunken man is a fat little man and I might make him even more comic by using a high oboe; in doing so I shall certainly suggest a fat little squealing pig staggering and wallowing about. But then again should I make him comic? Whatever I do I know that my most important musical emphasis must be upon my thematic material. I shall watch the entrances of my principle characters closely; I may even give each of them a separate theme. If Character A and Character B play a love scene together I may try to combine their themes contrapuntally. Or perhaps in this love scene I may play a third theme of Character C, a menacing character, whose dastardly existence keeps the lovers apart. I may do any one of a million things but whatever I do my score must be built up piece by piece, organically and logically, exactly as a symphonic or an operatic score would be built up and with an ever-constant eye upon the whole dramatic structure."

Later, before the composer writes anything more than thematic material, he will talk over his solutions and inspirations with his director who will approve or disapprove, thus saving the composer the trouble of writing thousands upon thousands of "wrong notes," unwanted and unnecessary, which the director will eventually throw out of the sound track because they do not accord with his own ideas of the proper musical background. And, when all else is settled, the composer must himself decide which music to write before the film is "shot" and which he will write afterwards.

Music written before a film is shot is called "prerecording" music. A scenario will often demand a large musical section in which the musical synchronization must be exact, in which the action fits the music rather than the music the action. The music is therefore written first and the film is turned to its beat and measure. Incidentally this reverses the usual film-

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music process by which music is composed, adjusted, and eventually synchronized to a film which has been turned, cut and timed the previous week. When the "prerecording" music has been written it is played for the director (usually upon a piano) and if it is then approved it is orchestrated and recorded. Later and upon the "set" (outdoors or in) it is played back and to this "playback" our actors, extras, boats, locomotives or whatever may need to move rhythmically moves, dances, sings or springs. Thenceforth film and music are locked in inseparable synchronization. From this single "playback" one may make as many as forty camera "takes" from any or all angles and each one will synchronize with the original "playback" exactly. It would be obviously impossible to sprinkle so many cameras about and their multitudinous crews would certainly get in the way of some of the angles presented. Actually the singer one sees is not singing nor is the orchestra playing. They are merely going through the motions of singing or playing, aided in their timing by the "playback" of their own recordings made some days in advance of this now visible and actual camera seance. In other words movie publics "see Thursday but hear Tuesday." The various pieces of the various "takes" are glued together and the sound track fastened thereto.

Exact synchronization is naturally best obtained from prerecording. Obviously it is important that a composer get as much of his music prerecorded as possible since for one thing it saves later attempts at synchronization. Too often the poor movie composer finds himself harassed to death after a picture has already been "shot"; he then sees himself faced by an early preview-date and insufficient time to compose a decent score. Speed is the essence of all "after-recording" music. (Let no composer who cannot compose more than 15 to 30 pages of "piano score" a day essay picture music!) For everyone must remember that after a picture is "shot" and "cut" it is a finished product and no mere composer may alter its footage by so much as a hair's breadth. He cannot ask for an extra inch in order to finish a necessary cadence. Day and night he must now

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sit perspiring in his projection room, timing and retiming his picture and its multitudinous sequences in terms of split seconds.

In view of these difficulties many of the lay public will wonder why the composer does not have recourse to "classical" music. But film scores filched from classical sources sound—to the film public's ear at least—too much like the cinema scores of 1918-28. It is worth the position of any Hollywood music director to incorporate any part of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* in any part of a modern film score.

With the great musical libraries of the past closed to him the Hollywood composer writes nevertheless at lightning speed and must ever be prepared to argue his own ideas against those of the director, whose word is paramount and final. There is no doubt, however, that Hollywood is acquiring a very marked taste for the "ultra-modern" musician. Werner Janssen's score for *The General Dies at Dawn* is certainly a cacophonous withal beautiful piece of work. And there have been many other modern scores. My own for *The Plainsman* is the most radical piece of music I have ever composed, at least if considered from the point of view of cacophony; curiously enough I was encouraged on every hand to be as much myself as I wished. Paramount wanted a modern score and it was determined I should foist nothing else upon them.

I believe the principal reason why "modern" composers are being called to Hollywood is that they write more authentic and realistic background music than the overworked and routine composers regularly associated with the big studios. Werner Janssen's magnificent Chinese score undoubtedly subtracted at least $50,000 from Paramount's budget for *The General Dies at Dawn.* But splendid and authentic music saves the necessity for constructing equally splendid and authentic background sets. When music does this it speaks to Hollywood in its own language—the language of money.

The ultra modern composer's greatest resource is that he has a really fresh "product" to offer a city where fresh products are constantly necessary. He can show Hollywood new musical

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tricks, new dramatic solutions, new ways to arrive at an effect, either orchestrally or dramatically. The field is vast and new. But it is interesting to note that Hollywood wants to be shown. It is conscious of its own musical anemia. When I was called in for instance to write the score for C. B. DeMille's *The Plainsman* I knew that I was to be faced with a very difficult task. In the first place Indians upon the screen have come to mean "hokum" in any language, photographically, musically, or dramatically. I had to overcome that, which I did by using authentic Indian material and composing it exactly as cacophonously and realistically as I saw fit. Secondly I determined to overcome Hollywood's *idée fixe* that all movie music must tell the second-to-second story of the picture's action. I managed that by doing a good deal of arguing and by always having two solutions composed and ready—the director's and my own.

It must not be supposed from these remarks, however, that I entirely disapprove the synchronization of music with its film, for synchronization (and I speak always of the after-recording synchronization) is often only too necessary. I am against a very exact and nonsensical synchronization—yes. It must now be plain, however, that if the music constantly follows its picture's action a spotty and choppy score naturally results. But if motion picture music attempts a purely symphonic solution it will find itself in the same hot water as the symphonic music which has so misguidedly appeared in various modern operas of the past. Picture music is more closely allied to the dramatic than to the symphonic mode. By its very nature it must be loose in form and style. It is a kind of modern opera. And operatic music in turn must certainly follow the emotional content of its drama and accompanying poetry. Unless it does so it will seem totally beside the point. This is just as true of picture music.

And now the question of filmed opera. It has been justly argued that in the past the motion-picture industry has earned many millions of dollars through the lavish use of the world's

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greatest literature. Why then, urge many musicians, should not the world's greatest music be used in like manner. There are as a matter of fact a great many people well versed in musical and film matters who believe the next serious step forward in the films will be movie versions of the great and well-known operas. With G. W. Pabst, German film director, I made a film scenario and musical adaptation of the opera *Faust* and I am one of a society of men active in attempting to push its production. But I am also an active member of one of Hollywood's greatest studios. And I do *not* believe that filmed versions of the old and famous operas is the next cinema step forward.

There are many arguments in favor of the film adaptation of known operas. This music is already familiar and therefore has a tremendous potential box office appeal. We need scarcely probe very deeply into the psychology of public reactions to realize that practically everyone in the world who has not gone to "grand opera" will spend at least 25 cents to hear a real one at least once. An opera such as *Faust* is a motion picture "natural," presenting as it does His Majesty the Devil. *Carmen* is an excellent screen "natural," and one can easily imagine Cecil B. DeMille doing *Samson* in a manner both sympathetic and sumptuous. (As a matter of fact he has long been considering the subject most seriously.) But film companies have never been quite able to take the initial plunge. Excellent scripts working out a brilliant or at least efficient screening of these operas have been collecting dust upon the desks of producers these last two or three years. Nevertheless the orchestral scores of these operas, cut, reworked, and refitted to the new scenarios, are still available at a moment's notice.

Yet the old opera presents insurmountable tempo problems for the modern screen. Hardly any modern motion picture lasts more than sixty or seventy minutes; old fashioned opera, however, often lasts two and sometimes four hours. It is immediately obvious that to photograph these old operas one would have to cut and to cut brutally. It is equally obvious that the musical gentlemen of the press, whether in Paris, Berlin, Rome,

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London, or New York, will not be pleased but will immediately burst into long columns sizzling with the words "mutilation," "barbarism" or "Hollywood vandals!" Moreover the opera picture itself would probably drive audiences mad with boredom, for they have ever been accustomed to a driving tempo in their films. But in the opera when a tenor eases into an aria he is there to stay put for at least ten minutes. Ten whole actionless minutes! Can you imagine it? I can't.

If we are to accustom movie publics to a slowed-down tempo it will need to be done gradually. If they were now given pictures of a quieter pace they would most certainly think film technic was going backwards, not forwards. Of course we know this is not necessarily so and that Russian films such as *Peasants* are artistic masterpieces of present-day film because they dare strike a slower and more intense tempo than the typical Hollywood "sock-em-per-minute-with-as-much-change-as-possible" film which is the product of a certain American technic. Be that as it may, we must face the fact that outside Russia this is the present position of world publics. They are accustomed to films with plenty of "go" and if something doesn't happen every moment not even the greatest and best-known music will compensate them for it or keep them put in their seats. Most important of all, it will not sell tickets. Hollywood knows this, of course, but it is also simply itching to bring out the money value it knows is imbedded somewhere in the scores and librettos of the immortal operas.

There seems to be only one solution to the whole cinema-opera question and that is to create point-blank original "operas" for the screen, written in screen technic and considered and composed to fit the screen necessities of today and tomorrow. Hollywood is a very nimble capital and few contemporary musicians want to put forth great effort in the composition of a cinema-quick-tempo opera only to see it eventually so mutilated and recomposed that its leading themes spell "M O T H E R" before their little Hollywood seance is over. There is only one solution to their problem. If composers would

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only go to Hollywood and *learn* present-day screen technic they might be sure that if and when they eventually write their new operatic scores these scores will be filmed without mutilation. Have not composers of the past first occupied lowly and menial positions in the opera theater in order to learn dramatic and operatic technic from the ground up? Again and again I must maintain that the screen is a medium separate unto itself and those who would work within its ample confines must learn its new secrets and limitations.

New screen opera is inevitable. The present Hollywood "musical" already shows a strong tendency in this direction. More and more serious and artistic "musicals" are slated for production. No less a musician than Leopold Stokowski himself has recently appeared in one of them, and Hollywood is negotiating with other great interpreters of music. Famous composers equipped with the peculiar gift of writing quickly are being invited to the great film capital to take important positions in the music departments of the great studios. Among these are Werner Janssen, Rachmaninoff, Shostakovitch, and Eric Korngold. Already quite an imposing array! More will soon be forthcoming. Hollywood is buzzing with preparations for the coming musical boom.

For the next great boom in motion pictures is sure to be musical. The last great revolution in pictures was the revolution of sound: the next will be the revolution of color. But color photography has not yet been perfected and sound is still the order of the day. How to use sound to better advantage is the great present-day problem of the American motion picture industry. Therein lies its money and therefore therein lies its heart.

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Dulce et Decus pro Dictatore

MAX ASCOLI

LOYALTY in itself is a rather contradictory blend. It is the combination of two uncongenial elements: sentimental devotion and legal abstraction. A combination of fire and iron might be an equivalent. Laws can command our obedience, which means (as the medieval and Protestant writers on natural law have always maintained) our non-resistance. Laws can oblige us to do or not to do something and can warn us about the possible cost of our doing or not doing; but they cannot oblige us to love. We encounter them when we want to do or to avoid a certain specific thing; we fear them more or less instinctively but we do not have them constantly on our mind. Much less do we have them on our heart. They are an element of our actions that society places in our path and that our social consciousness knows how to reckon with. But to act legally, in spite of etymological affinities, is not the same as to act loyally.

We are loyal to a legal system when we not only do not resist its laws but when we take them to our heart and side with them. This means that, placed as we are in a network of legal regulations, we do not look for loopholes, we do not try consciously or unconsciously to get out of it at the minimum possible cost. On the contrary we like to stay in it and we try to reproduce in ourselves the intentions and the minds of those who have established the legal rule in order to fulfill its demands with the greatest possible zeal. In other words we act not only as subjects of the law but as creators of it. This return to the moment and situation in which the law was created is an act of faith, not a legal conformism. It transforms the very law that it obeys because every law is an instrument against the tricking of its purposes whereas loyalty supplements obedience to the law with the guardianship of its enforcement. We are here in the world of sentiments and of faith; no legal system can logically pretend to command devotion and love.

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Yet legal systems do pretend to do this. They require oaths. An oath is not a pledge to act legally; everybody has to act legally anyway unless he accepts the running of certain risks, and the legal system itself takes care to enforce upon us its own standards of legality. An oath to act legally is superfluous and ridiculous—as many new oaths recently introduced in this and other countries are. An oath has meaning only when it is a pledge to act loyally, only when the person who thus pledges his obedience by the same token accepts his share both in the creation of the law he obeys and in the guardianship of it.

Those who object to oaths have an entirely good case supported by the authority of the Gospel; the legal system, that is the State, has the right to control our doings but not to enter into the realm of our conscience. Give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar but let us have God's rights respected. Yet there is little practical room for recriminations and quarrels. The State, or the political group which happens to be at its helm, cannot give up its drive on our loyalty. The arrogance of this request in some cases becomes unbearable, yet it is at the same time a plea of impotence. The State in spite of its being engrafted in our habits and fears does not feel secure in its control of our external actions. It needs the support coming from our conscience—that is, from the conscience of each man, individually taken. No matter how totalitarian the State may be, no matter how many instruments it may have at its command in order to exert influence and to determine reactions on the social structure, the State has unavoidably to reckon with the individual conscience of its citizens. The more the State is monopolized by irresponsible leaders the more it needs the allegiance of its citizens; the less its claim on popular allegiance the more it has to force it. That is why the modern dictators require oaths and enthusiastic declarations of loyalty from their subjects and plunge individuals into huge crowds in order to extort from them a frenzied assent.

The dictatorial States represent the extreme case of the need for loyalty of a political régime; but whatever may be the

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form of political organization there is no possible legality without a certain amount of loyalty to engraft the basic institutions of the State into the heart and conscience of the people. There are certain sections of a legal structure (for example, what is called constitution in a democracy) which could not survive if the voluntary guardianship of their integrity were not always actively working against the multiplication of gaps in their structure. That is why oaths of office are demanded, which are the more important the greater the power of the office. The office-holder pledges himself not only to act legally but to consider himself at the center of the legal institution he has been called to administer, as if he had been its creator. It would be easy to point out the feudal, religious and magic elements which are still quite visible in the idea of loyalty and in the institution of the oath of office; but no historical or anthropological analysis can dim the fact that political organizations could not survive if this odd amalgamation of individual sentiment and of abstract law were not present to make something human out of the State.

Frequently the sentiment of loyalty tends to make something much too human out of the State. It tends to identify the State with the leader of the State, it finds satisfaction in building up heroes of more than human dimensions and in worshipping them, so that loyalty to men appears more common than loyalty to institutions in spite of the fact that, at least in the political sphere, loyalty to men results from the necessity of linking the people to the institutions by sentimental ties. The human capacity for surrounding the most abstract and mechanical forms of life with sentiment and absorbing them with passion is almost infinite. Even technology and statistics—even bureaucracy—can be the object of passion. The dread of industrial saboteurs in Russia, of anti-national elements in Germany or Italy, would be incomprehensible if we did not remember this amazing capacity for undiscriminating love which possesses mankind. The strangest possible alliances between Leviathans and Calibans have taken place in our day.

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This means that the capacity for loyalty is also almost infinite and that wherever there is an inner frame keeping together institutions and groups there are men who have the tendency to volunteer at the center of it. Loyalty brings to the realm of ethics what belongs to the realm of politics, understanding politics in the widest possible meaning of interhuman social relationships. So we have an extremely wide range of objects of loyalty, from a universal Church to a party to a criminal gang: the essential element is always this voluntaristic gratuitousness which zealously plasters up legal or customary norms. But the subject of loyalty is always the individual conscience.

The object can be immoral or even criminal but in the adherence of the individual being to this object there is a moving element not to be denied. A loyal man is he who not only endorses with a blank check the actions of the group or of the compact to which he belongs but is ready to pay it. The signature has to be individual and it has to be made with a comparative degree of freedom because the whole relation between object and subject of loyalty meets its test at the moment of payment, which can never be exactly foreseen.

The manufacturers of mass loyalty in our time forget this individual character of the whole relationship. They cleverly realize how great is the tendency in human beings to bind themselves to some object in a relation of loyalty and they are not unaware of the fact that the pledge of loyalty has to be a personal one. But they try at the same time to get the individual's assent and to cripple his capacity for political decision. Not only do they urge the personal pledge of loyalty but they want it repeated individually and collectively and they fan the individual's sentiment until it becomes an obsessing and burning passion in which personality is consumed. The type of loyalty they foster can be called mystical: it demands a total subjection, a desire to lose oneself, and lays deliberate emphasis on all the irrational elements which enter into the relationship of loyalty.

There is, opposed to the mystical, another type of loyalty which may be called contractual. Out of an immemorial experi-

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ence with politics men realize that legality, if not implemented by voluntary personal zeal, is not enough to sustain a political system. But in giving itself away the sentimental affection knows what it is doing and wants to define the risks it is willing to run. To act under the impulse of sentiments does not mean necessarily to act unreasonably, unless we stir ourselves to a frenzy: more elements of passion and faith enter into the composition of wisdom than either rationalists or irrationalists may be ready to admit. We can recognize our instinct toward loyalty and make use of it with open eyes. It is equally possible to recognize those sections of the political legal structure which need to be further buttressed by loyalty, and so to specify and limit our effort in their behalf.

The relation of the British people to the Crown, as shown by recent events, is a clear example of a contractual loyalty. So long as he is the King of England a man is the devoutly respected symbol of the nation and of the Empire; from the moment of his abdication the contract is broken and for everybody more serious business is at hand than the personal doings of the former Majesty. The American people have proved loyal to their Constitution for 150 years. The Constitution too, through the functionaries who have enforced and interpreted it, has proved to be loyal to the American people by respecting their customs and promoting their welfare. The experience of our day proves how the two elements, sovereign people and sworn-in functionaries, face each other, the one looking into the eyes of the other. The constitutional controversy is a quarrel about a contract and about the different ways of modifying its clauses. Everybody realizes that the human and legal rights of individual Americans are at stake.

The dictatorial leaders who impose themselves as the highest objects of mystical loyalty are not partners in a contract that binds them to their people. They determine the condition of the popular pledge, the setting for its celebration, the modalities for its enforcement. They present their régime in a style which becomes pupils of Hobbes and Spinoza rather than of

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Machiavelli. The chaotic state of nature wherein everybody is the enemy of everybody is called communism by the fascist dictators and fascism by the communist dictator. Without their miraculous presence a hostile nature would engulf the order they have created. They have to be the makers of endless miracles to prove that the danger is always present and that they can save their people from it.

Mystical loyalty lives by miracles. When miracles become rare or hard to materialize, the people of the dictatorial nations are shut off from the rest of the world so that their strained nerves may be more easily dulled. One can see here, I believe, the difference between a biological and an anti-biological kind of loyalty, which is the same as that between contractual and mystical loyalty. In one case the individual is preserved with all his capacities for faith and adherence; in the other he is swallowed up. The people of totalitarian régimes have to be always more and more heavily doped, with trials, little experimental wars, breakings of treaties, transatlantic flights. Something has to compensate for the stagnation of internal political life. Mystical loyalty destroys both the elements it is supposed to link: individual personality and law. The legal system becomes entirely insecure when it is made the instrument for the tricks of harassed political magicians. Therefore mystical loyalty inevitably turns into a worship of the supreme magician who in himself seems to represent the totality of the citizens and their living law. This loyalty saps its own foundations.

It is also, one must add, an entirely modern invention. In order to have its moments of effectiveness it has to be democratic and plebiscitarian; it is not restricted to the members of the leading party but is the inescapable obligation of every single citizen. This exasperation of the sentiment of loyalty reverses the process which is at the basis of it; instead of strengthening legal coercions by fervor it imposes on everybody a continuous fervor as an inescapable legal coercion.

The final and most damaging result of mystical loyalty is that the people who are subjected to it lose the sense of reality.

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They have a system of values, a standard for determining facts and ideas which is valid only for internal circulation and has no relation to outside standards. Foreign people are baffled by what happens in dictatorial countries; there are no ways of understanding the Russian trials, the German purges, the war frenzy in the Italian people, one of the kindliest in the world. The Russian, German and Italian people in their turn know only that their dictators have wanted certain things; to ask for more would be an infringement of their loyalty. The dictators prove their right by miracles, either in industrializing a country or in bringing about rearmament or in conquering a disarmed nation. These miracles are calculated to diseducate the people from facing the facts of their own life.

The phenomena determined by mystical loyalty are of tremendous value for a knowledge of human nature and for a knowledge of our time. Yet no pretense to scientific objectivity should obliterate the primary duty of the mind, which is to give the lie to faked realities. Too frequently it has been repeated that the experience of the totalitarian countries is a religious one and that therefore they cannot be the object of a rational analysis. Even if they may be called religious I do not know what kind of relativistic or skeptical Inquisition should prevent us from studying religions, defining their meaning and trying to determine their vitality. The vitality of the totalitarian cults is affected by an inner insoluble contradiction: they either devour their own zealots or take the marrow out of them. There is not a plurality of systems of value, some secular, some religious; our minds can only appraise social phenomena according to their reasonableness. This reason, which is the final standard of judgment, does not need to be dogmatic and abstract; on the contrary, it has to be completely bent on recognizing the proper place and function of essential human sentiments. But the fear of dogmatism must not make us indulge in any form of accommodating relativism when we are in the presence of phenomena which, like mystical loyalty, are false and contradictory in their nature and therefore unfit to endure.

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In the Realm of Scholarship

Newberry Library, "Court of Last Resort"

GEORGE B. UTLEY

LAST year the literary resources of the Newberry Library were used by more than 58,000 readers. In addition to the faculty members and graduate students from educational institutions in Chicago and vicinity and to the scholarly general public who daily avail themselves of its services, scholars from seventeen universities and colleges outside Illinois visited this nationally known library of the humanities which two years ago passed the half-million mark in the number of books on its shelves.

The distinct aim of trustees and officers has been to make the Newberry a scholar's library, and a high and critical standard regarding accessions has been maintained consistently from the beginning. Source material in the humanities, together with the necessary adjunct secondary material to make work with the former effective, defines the scope of its principal collections. The library endeavors to help scholars by making available printed books and manuscripts not easily procurable elsewhere. Consequently in the course of years many rare and valuable literary treasures have been acquired and the Newberry Library has gained the reputation among scholars of being a sort of "court of last resort" in certain special fields of knowledge.

Walter Loomis Newberry, the founder, was a Chicago business man who left half of his estate to found a free public library in his city. It was decided at the start to make the new library reference in character—that is, one in which the books are not lent but used only in its building. Original plans contemplated a collection of reference material in all subjects but in the interest of non-duplication cooperative arrangements with other local institutions were entered into later and the field of knowledge was roughly divided among them. To the Newberry Library fell the general field of the humanities, but with closer definition the subjects for which it accepted responsibility were literature, history, bibliography and the history of printing, language,

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philosophy, geography, biography, genealogy and (in part) the fine arts, especially music.

A number of important gifts have been received since Mr. Newberry's original bequest founded the institution. The first large one came in 1912 when Edward E. Ayer, a Chicago business man and a charter member of the the library's board of trustees, gave to the library his superb collection of books, manuscripts, prints and drawings relating to the North American Indian and to the native races of Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. In the intervening twenty-five years the collection has grown to nearly double its original size and its field has been extended to include the aborigines of the entire western hemisphere. Nearly 60,000 volumes and other accessioned pieces give some suggestion of its importance and well-nigh completeness. Mr. Ayer used to say that his career as a collector was based on the desire to know who was the first white man in every 500 square miles of North America, how he treated the Indians found there, how they treated him, who followed in exploration and what became of the Indians. In the main the Ayer Collection can answer all these large questions. The donor, moreover, endowed the collection and thus provided for its growth and care.

The bequest of about $250,000 from John M. Wing of Chicago, in 1917, laid a foundation on which is being built a library on the history of printing. The Newberry had previously acquired a considerable amount of material on this subject and now, operating with the income of this bequest, it has in the past twenty years expanded that collection and gathered together an excellent selection of works relating to early printers and the art of printing during the past four centuries, and in addition many fine and rare examples of good typography all down the years from Johann Gutenberg to Bruce Rogers. One of the aims has been to acquire specimens of the work of as many printers of the first fifty years of the practice of the art as possible. This undertaking has resulted in the assemblage of something over 1600 in number. A check list of them together with that of the incunabula in other libraries of Chicago and vicinity was issued by the Newberry in 1933.

Another bequest was that of Horace S. Oakley, a former trustee. The income of this gift is now subject to a life interest but it will, when available, permit the library to develop its collection of music into what will be perhaps one of the largest and best in the country. There are now some 20,000 volumes of music scores and books about music on the Newberry's shelves, and the musicologists of the central west are recognizing this library as the best on the sub-

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ject between the Alleghenies and the Rockies.

The library has had other good friends, among them Professor Frederic Ives Carpenter, a former trustee, whose bequest is enabling it to build up an exceptionally fine collection of early English prose romances before 1750. Nearly 600 titles have already been acquired. The income of a bequest from Edward L. Ryerson, for ten years president of the board of trustees, is permitting the library to obtain fine manuscripts and printed books it could not otherwise afford.

Like other similar foundations the Newberry Library has acquired some of its more notable books in unit collections. In 1889, when the institution was only two years old, the musical library of Count Pio Resse of Florence was purchased. It contained many rare and famous books. In the following year about 2500 volumes were bought from the library of Henry Probasco of Cincinnati, a well-known collector of that day. This purchase brought to the Newberry many fine pieces of English literature, a number of particularly good incunabula and some exquisitely beautiful illuminated manuscripts—Bibles, missals and 15th-century books of hours. In 1891 the Hubert P. Main Collection of English and American Psalmody was bought. It is practically complete in the psalmody of the period previous to 1800 as well as for the 19th century. Ten years later came by purchase the renowned philological library of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, comprising more than 18,000 volumes, many nearly or quite unique, gathered by the Prince during a long life as data for the study of European languages and dialects.

Shortly after the death in 1903 of Theodore Thomas, Chicago's symphony conductor, his widow gave to the Newberry his music collection, containing his musical treatises and the scores used by him in conducting. These bear his manuscript annotations and changes. The well-known bibliographer, Wilberforce Eames of New York, gathered an important collection of works upon the philology of the various nations of India and Farther India and this was bought in 1907. It forms a valuable adjunct to the Bonaparte Collection. In that same year Berthold Laufer, able sinologist and for years curator of anthropology at the Field Museum of Natural History, when about to start for the Orient on a Museum expedition, was commissioned by the trustees of the Newberry Library to buy for that institution a representative collection of East Asiatic books on subjects falling within its scope. The result was the procurement of about 20,000 valuable and carefully selected books in Chinese, Manchu, Mongol, Tibetan and Japanese in the

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fields of history, belles-lettres, religion, philosophy and philology. A descriptive account of the collection, written by Dr. Laufer, was published by the library.

In 1911 the Honorable Charles G. Dawes presented the library of American Civil War literature collected by his uncle, Ephraim C. Dawes. In 1931 the library bought from Eduardo de Laiglesia of Madrid the books gathered by him on the Arthurian legend, with special reference to the period of Arthurian romance between its inception in the legendary period and the year 1500. They range in date from the 15th to the 20th century, many being old and rare. Supplemented by the Laiglesia collection, the Newberry's holdings in Arthuriana have now grown to about 1200 volumes, constituting one of the best groupings of apparatus for the study of this subject in the United States. A check list has been printed.

Within the broad divisions indicated in a foregoing paragraph many other collections in restricted and special subjects have been nurtured and developed. A few of these ingatherings of years may briefly be recorded. Among them are the library's truly remarkable collections of English poetry and drama of the 16th and 17th centuries, with its special collections of Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton; Celtic studies; Celtic, English and Romance folklore; British history; American history, especially of the colonial period; American local history; American Revolutionary War pamphlets; American slavery; American constitutional convention journals; maps of the western world, with the originals supplemented by photographs and photostats from European archives and libraries; narratives of Indian captivities; Indian treaties; diaries and narratives of overland journeys to the Pacific; and the most nearly complete extant collection of the various editions of Ptolemy's *Geographia* —some 75 in number.

The backbone of a reference library is its collection of scholarly periodicals. Produced by the specialized knowledge of many men, the articles and monographs comprised therein have been brought together in sets of serials by careful editors and conscientious publishers. The Newberry Library is exceptionally strong in its periodical collections in all the fields in which it specializes and each year is strengthening these collections, filling gaps and adding new sets.

Check lists and descriptive accounts of several of the library's special collections have been issued in the past 25 years. In addition to those already mentioned are check lists of its English poetry, English drama (excluding Shakespeare), English books before 1641, Arabic and Turkish manuscripts, philosophy, books on

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bibliography and printing, American Revolutionary War pamphlets, narratives of Indian captivity, and manuscript maps (chiefly of America) in the Edward E. Ayer Collection. The library's latest publication is a check list of manuscripts in the Ayer Collection.

Conference on Jewish Relations Prize

TO STIMULATE serious study of contemporary Jewish economic and social problems and as an aid to constructive thought along these lines the Conference on Jewish Relations offers a prize of $1000 for the best essay which will contribute substantially to a knowledge of the occupational distribution of the Jews in the United States. There are no restrictions as to who may participate in the contest or as to the scope and method of the study submitted beyond the requirement that the writer should make a genuine contribution to our knowledge of the subject. This is intended to include not only the historical, psychologic and economic factors that have brought about the present occupational distribution but also the prospect of changed opportunities, especially those leading to greater diversity and stability, feasible or likely to take place within the next decade. Competitors may treat the subject in general or concentrate on some special aspect.

The following are suggested as suitable special themes: The Jews in Agriculture, In Public Utilities, In Liberal Professions, In Heavy Industries, In Retail Trade and In International Commerce and Finance. The judges will be Professor I. L. Sharfman, Chairman; Dr. Paul Gourrich, Professor Jacob Hollander, Dr. Alvin Johnson and Dr. Isidore Lubin.

No prize will be awarded unless a work of sufficient merit is submitted. The judges also reserve the right to divide the prize if they find more than one essay of sufficient merit. The Conference on Jewish Relations agrees to defray the cost of printing the prize essay or essays and such others as the judges deem worthy.

The essays should be submitted on or before April 30, 1938. Competitors should inscribe their manuscripts with assumed names and send them to the chairman. Their real names and addresses together with degrees or position held should be sent in sealed envelopes to Morris R. Cohen, Conference on Jewish Relations, Inc., 854 West 181st Street, New York, N. Y. Any inquiries concerning this competition may also be addressed to Mr. Cohen.

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Discussion

Before submitting his discussion, "Our Sons Specialize," to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, its author, Gilbert E. Doan, sent it to the dean or director of the most prominent schools of engineering in the country. In the main the paper received their hearty assent. We are sorry we lack room to publish several reactions which raise interesting additional issues, and if there is room in a later number we shall take occasion to print them. But the points of dissent have been so well assembled in the following letter, originally sent to Mr. Doan, that we are publishing it in conjunction with his article.

The Editors

Are Engineers Uneducated?

PROFESSOR DOAN speaks of his discussion as a sharp criticism of present-day engineering education, although I think his criticism is one which has been made by engineering educators for a number of years. In fact the Trustees of Princeton University, when they enlarged the work in civil engineering and electrical engineering at Princeton to include mechanical engineering, chemical engineering and what is so-called geological engineering, were motivated by the belief that engineering education should be associated with academic training and the influence of academic surroundings on engineering students.

Professor Doan pleads for training in fundamentals and quotes remarks made by Mr. Sloan, Mr. Merrick and Mr. Glancy at the opening of the Packard Laboratory at Lehigh University as indicating that industry desires men who combine human understanding and breadth of vision with a grounding in fundamentals. At the opening of the Packard Laboratory I happened to be one of the representatives of the technical schools participating in the opening exercises. In my address I pointed out that it was the duty of the technical schools to prepare men in the fundamentals of that "field of intellectual activity called engineering in an all too limited time, and to fit these students to enter any part of that vast field with ability to obtain the particular details of any region in a comparatively short period of apprenticeship." I then pointed out the same thing which Mr. Sloan mentioned in his paper—that industry should then train the man in the special details of the field in which he secured employment. Professor Doan mentions the futility of highly specialized courses

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given by experts in a field, and in my address I pointed out how industry at times, and our graduates, have suggested such special courses.

We have not attempted to offer them because of the limited openings in any one specialty.

Concerning the references to the fact that the engineer does not know what it is all about when life is looked at whole and therefore does not grasp the implications of certain of his scientific achievements, I wonder if this criticism could not be offered regarding the work of most men who propose new things. All of the new things proposed in the last few years have not come from engineers, and I feel that many of these have been put into operation without knowing what it was all about. This of course does not excuse us as engineering educators from endeavoring to give our men that type of training from which they will grasp more fully the human relationships arising out of their activities.

Professor Doan mentions the highly specialized freshman and sophomore years of engineering schools. This is unjust to the schools in general and to the arrangement of studies in the School of Engineering at Princeton University. Our freshmen and sophomores may change to the arts department with full class standing, the subjects being such that they are accepted for the upperclass courses of study in those departments in which they may have completed the sophomore prerequisites. All engineering sophomores have the preliminary general course in economics, given not as an engineering subject but as a broad base on which to build a special field of concentration in the junior and senior years if the student desires it. The free electives in the sophomore year in all courses, except chemical engineering and geological engineering, enable the student to explore other interests—philosophy, psychology, biology, geology, politics, modern languages—in fact, subjects offered in any of the humanistic departments with the exception of the classics. Even here the student who has the necessary preparatory school training may enter that department if the decision is made at the end of the freshman year.

The summer work which we require in the junior year, and which we encourage throughout all summer vacations, is not for the purpose of technical training but rather for the training in social relations which comes from employment and association with workers.

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The point made regarding the work of the engineering graduate fifteen years after graduation is one which has been ever in the minds of engineering educators during the forty-odd years in which I have been connected with engineering education. The engineering schools of the United States, whatever be their shortcomings, have endeavored to give basic training since no one can foretell the field in which the graduate may find himself fifteen or twenty years after receiving his degree. Many of our courses which are labeled Gas Engine Design or Alternating Current Machinery, or by some other special name, are not courses in which this subject alone is taught. They are basic courses and the particular name is merely that of the medium by which basic principles are taught. The man who has studied gas engine design very rarely becomes a designer of such machines. He knows about combustion, however, rotating machinery, repeated loads and many other things applicable to the whole field of engineering endeavor.

I cannot grant that the psychologists have proven conclusively that mental discipline is not to any considerable extent transferable from one subject to another, and that a thorough training in mathematics does not enable the student to interpret history, for example, or labor problems, one whit more accurately than he could have done with no knowledge whatever of higher mathematics. This is absolutely contrary to the opinion expressed by Dean Pound of

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Harvard University—that mathematical training is of special value to the student of law. Although the man who has learned to design a gas engine cannot use the thermodynamic and structural formulae to make decisions in his domestic, community and financial affairs, or in the education of his children, many of the methods and the careful study which he has made to predict performances of his gas engine can be applied to these social, financial or educational questions. Even the three afternoons a week in the analytical chemistry laboratory for an entire year have given mental training in the relations of cause and effect, developed a method of cautious and careful treatment of materials, and developed a power of observation which was not possessed before.

Some engineering schools have organized courses in general engineering with a minimum of engineering and a maximum of arts subjects. Some institutions have required three years of arts college work before proceeding with three years of engineering work. Unfortunately these courses have not been very attractive and the enrolment in such schools is not large.

I feel that Professor Doan is unfair to the engineering schools of the country in stating that the report made by the Committee on Investigation and Coordination of the Society for the Promotions of Engineering Education in 1926 has had no effect. It had no effect at Princeton because our curriculum was practically in keeping with the recommendations of the Board, but I know that changes have been made. Though I have not studied the record of all engineering schools throughout the country I believe the report was used and will continue to be used to guide the engineering schools of the United States in arranging the curriculum of each course.

Quoting from an experience of forty years, no ex-engineer with whom I have talked has ever stated that his engineering training was of no use. Training in any subject, if proper training, will be of use to the student, and this applies to any field of education. Moreover these ex-engineers have stated without qualification that their engineering training fitted them quite completely for the particular field in which they were working. Some of the men who have studied under me have wished that certain subjects had been included in the curriculum but in all cases these subjects were those which fitted the particular specialty in which the man was working, and I have always pointed out the fact that our preparation was not for one special field but to fit men for the "broad field of intellectual activity called engineering."

Arthur M. Greene, Jr.
Dean of the School of Engineering,
Princeton University

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About Our Authors

Quotation marks indicate passages taken directly from letters which we requested from authors themselves.

HANS KOHN, born in Prague, "a dreamy old city full of memories of great history yet a hotbed of nationalism," soon became vitally interested in the problem. "My study of political science, law, history and philosophy was interrupted by two still more fundamental experiences [the World War and the Russian Revolution and civil war, through which he lived as an Austrian prisoner in Turkestan and later in Siberia] which gave me a deeper understanding of history and political philosophy than my professors at Prague. Returning to Europe from the Far East I lived in Paris, London and Jerusalem for many years, traveled widely, loved and enjoyed each of the many cities and countries in which I lived, and became deeply grateful to them for the deeper understanding they gave me of the common-ness of humanity above and beyond all differences of locality and of the past." . . . Professor of modern history at Smith, he likes to come down every week to the "tiring fascination of New York." . . . Those who want to go more deeply into his present subject should read his two latest books, *Western Civilization in the Near East* which describes the process of modernization in backward Mediterranean countries, and *Force or Reason*, which discusses the issues of fascism and democracy and the emergence of a new world-consciousness. (For his other contributions to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR see Vol. 1, No. 4; Vol. 3, No. 2 and Vol. 4, No. 4.)

WILLIAM PEERY, graduate student at the University of North Carolina, "cracked the puritanical egg" of his youth to spend a summer with a carnival. "The infection of literary ambition has now passed into the acute and chronic stage. I have been a firm and conscientious objector to many of the activities I have engaged in—running a mail-order stamp business, teaching, weighing potatoes for the A. and P. and assistant-editing an obscure but pernicious fascist propaganda sheet in New York. . . . In college I was so busy reading classics that I had no reason for believing any novels had been written since Hardy. In graduate school I was told that my college teachers had corrupted me, for English literature stopped being written in June 1660. . . . Coming fresh and wide-eyed upon the modern novel I have been entertained, perplexed, astounded, troubled, challenged; and since the

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evening several years ago when I picked up a copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* I have been concerned with the modern novel almost constantly."

GEORGE N. SHUSTER, associate professor of English at St. Joseph's College for Women and managing editor of *The Commonweal,* is "a minor by-product of a state famed for its cheeses and LaFollettes—interesting only as it indicates that I was born during the era of 'Young man, go East.' The coming was, however, quite accidental and the act of remaining even more so, for the job of helping to edit a weekly for Catholic highbrows and their friends has been precarious and venturesome enough. . . . Nosing about in the history and literature of Germany is still the thing I do best, though I should dearly love to be a great tenor (mine is, of course, a highly erratic basso). . . . My article reflects debates and discussions which have interested me often and deeply. My attitude in debates is that of an old Michigan grocery store friend who once said 'When I'm wrong I gives in but when I'm right I sticks by it.'"

GILBERT DOAN, now associate professor of metallurgy at Lehigh University, "fell prey to the lure of chemical engineering, graduated in it, practiced it and did research in it for five years (as metallographist with the U. S. Naval Experiment Station and later as director of research with the Una Welding Company) before determining to obtain a more balanced outlook than I had yet achieved. When I came back to this country, after two years spent in chemistry and German 'kultur,' I devoted myself to unsullied scientific research and instruction. . . . Despising cranks I am nevertheless perpetually intrigued by the biologists' plans for race betterment."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON, who teaches the courses in playwriting at Yale formerly taught by the late George Pierce Baker, was a pupil of Professor Baker at Harvard, but not in playwriting. "I was too early for that. Under Mr. Baker I studied oral debating which he taught with great skill and patience but without his heart being in it. Mr. Baker was always stage struck and so was I. He finally made his chance by establishing his famous '47 Workshop' at Harvard, and then at Yale, and I found mine by joining the staff of *The New York Tribune* and pestering the editors till they permitted me to cover the theatres." Mr. Eaton became dramatic critic of *The New York Sun* and later of *The American Magazine* and *The Freeman.* "In collaboration with David Carb, I wrote a play about Queen Victoria which was produced by the Actors' Equity Theatre nearly 15 years ago and which curiously paralleled, in the episodes chosen, the current *Victoria Regina.* That was the period of 'flaming youth' when all the young people were in full revolt from everything Victorian and the play ran only two months. Neither did it have a popular star in the title role. In fact one of my pet dislikes is Helen Hayes because she was born 15 years too late."

EARNEST A. HOOTON, professor of anthropology at Harvard, curator of somatology, and "unenthusiastic member of many learned societies and academies, endured throughout boyhood the *odium theologicum* which falls to the lot of the minister's son and functioned in every lay capacity about a church from janitor to Santa Claus." Three years of graduate work in Greek and Latin culminating in a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin were interspersed with "summers spent (voluntarily) as foreman of contract labor in the state penitentiary." As a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford he turned to anthropology "after attending one session of Gilbert Murray's seminar on Sophocles, convinced thereby of my inability to write Greek verse, and was subsequently dragooned by R. R. Marett into taking an entire course in anthropology including much-despised bones." . . . He is attracted not only to research in racial anthropology, race mixture, criminal anthropology, and some archeology, but to "apes, Latin, golf and quite a few people."

After graduation from Cornell ESTHER DUNN taught English at Bryn Mawr and then after three years at the University of London received its first Ph.D. granted in the field of English literature. She now teaches Elizabethan literature and Shakespeare at Smith and finds an academic environment extremely agreeable. "The kind of world we live in is no more perplexing or difficult than all those past worlds we study about. Certainly the Elizabethan world was more perilous, with much smaller chance for individual tranquillity and happiness."

A. J. MUSTE, graduate of Union Theological Seminary, now on the staff of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and director, 1921-33, of Brookwood Labor College, resigned from the ministry of a Congregational Church during the war "because I refused to abandon or keep silence about my religious pacifist convictions. After a summer in Europe and a thorough reconsideration of the implication of the developments of the last twenty

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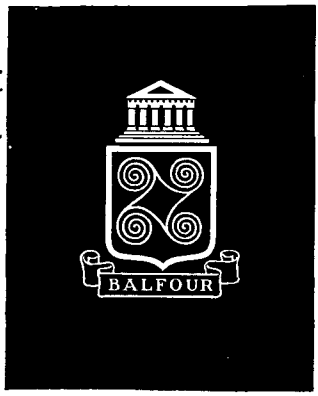

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years I have again become convinced of the self-defeating character of the resort to violence, whether in international war or in class struggle. I again take, therefore, a thorough-going religious pacifist position, believing that only the dynamic of religion will enable us to abolish war and build a better social order by means which do not constantly defeat the ends we seek." . . . The same dynamic has compelled him to active participation in the labor movement. From 1929 to 1933 he was chairman of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, "an organization to stimulate unionism in the basic industries and to combat autocracy, corruption, etc. in the labor movement." He participated also in the leadership of the Lawrence, Massachusetts, Textile Strike, 1919, and in numerous other strike and organization campaigns. . . . "I am proud of the fact that when I was a boy in a very conservative denominational prep school I surreptitiously took books by Darwin, Huxley, etc. out of the library." . . . He now takes time out for extensive reading in poetry, history, biography, sociology, philosophy and theology. . . . On September 1st he will become director of the Presbyterian Labor Temple in New York.

Like most poets JAMES PLAYSTED WOOD has not been able to write verse for a living. Into his poetry he can bring the realism of a New York newspaper "morgue," an advertising copywriter, a teacher and a book critic.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, professor of psychology for years before he became president of Yale, looks with dismay at the shrinking periphery of the specialist's interests. His own horizon he has consciously defended from the dangers of parochialism, beginning years ago by study in Vienna, Paris, and Leipzig. In 1914 he was exchange professor at the Sorbonne. He has seen the academic world from a number of points of view—as professor, dean, and president; and as a member of the General Education Board and the International Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation has developed a concern for the educational future of this country that is much more inclusive than interest in the policy of a single institution.

GEORGE ANTHEIL, who "makes a terrific attempt to appear perfectly sane and normal," is an American composer. "A year ago I took it into my head to learn how to write because I felt the situation of music in America was so desperate it demanded a word-writing composer. My second book is a considerable volume on music [to be issued by Harcourt-Brace in the autumn]. It contains a discussion of all of America's musical problems which I consider important—symphony, opera, ballet, radio and motion pictures. In writing this book I came to the conclusion that motion pictures and eventually television constitute the most important future for music, and I am therefore writing not only actual motion picture scores but articles about motion picture music. Outside of music my ambitions vary. Fortunately they change so often that I constantly find solace in the writing of a new musical score; when I get kicked out by a new mistress I fly back to the old one. Music and I have raised quite a family: two symphonies, three operas, several string quartets, four ballets. I am proud of the fact that I am not an old-fashioned revolutionary composer, fighting over again all the battles won long ago in the stormy and post-war twenties. . . . Though I feel perfectly at home and safe in music, I love to swim in strange waters occasionally, for I despise composers who live in nothing but the world of music. I find them deadly dull and this dullness is pretty likely to be found in concentrated form in their music."

MAX ASCOLI is professor of political philosophy at The Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research. "This means that I left my own country because of a mutual lack of sympathy between myself and the fascist régime. However, the country which I left is Italy and not Germany; the name 'Max' must have come from a prophetic feeling on the part of my parents that I would some day become a member of a predominantly German faculty. In Italy I wrote several books on political philosophy and on jurisprudence. Here I started anew, managing to express myself somehow in English, and wrote many articles and essays. My first book, *Intelligence in Politics*, appeared last fall. Another book, of which I was co-editor, was published this April, *Political and Economic Democracy*, written by the members of The Graduate Faculty. . . . I am now preparing a list of words I should like to have outlawed from now on, at least so far as my students and I are concerned. At the top of the list are: adjustment, integration, maladjustment, disintegration, hint and forward-looking.

GEORGE BURWELL UTLEY, in charge of the Newberry Library, has continued the work of building it along lines after the scholar's own heart, and belongs to so many historical and other scholarly associations he knows both what and where to seek.

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